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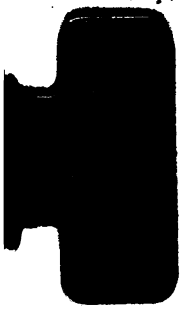

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What the War Has Taught Us

By

CHARLES EDWARD JEFFERSON

Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle
New York

NEW YORK CHICAGO

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LONDON AND EDINBURGH

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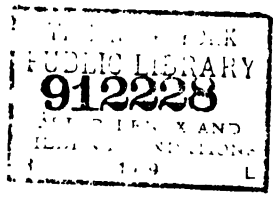

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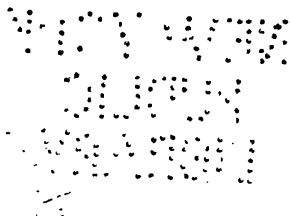

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Preface

THE substance of the chapters contained in this volume was delivered in the form of sermons in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City, on the Sunday evenings extending from the first of January to Easter in the year 1919. In the month of February, 1916, over a year before the United States decided to enter the war, the Pastor of the Tabernacle had delivered at the Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, a course of five lectures on "What the War is Teaching." These lectures appeared at once in book form, but as that volume is now out of print, the author has incorporated in this new book several paragraphs of the Delaware lectures.

The standpoint of the author is from first to last that of the Christian minister. He looks at everything through the eyes of a preacher, and searches all experience for fresh revelations of God. He is not an expert in the science and art of war, and many lessons of high interest to military and naval strategists are completely ignored in these chapters. Nor is he learned in

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physical science. The scientific specialist can walk over the battle-fields on the land and on the sea and in the air, picking up valuable lessons at every step, but many of these lessons do not concern the preacher.

The war has taught the world a wide variety of lessons which will engage the attention of political economists and statesmen and educators and sociologists for many years to come. Most of those lessons do not fall within the scope of the author's purpose. It is the spiritual interpretation of the war which interests him supremely, and it is the religious lessons of the war upon which he fastens his attention. The war did not teach us anything new in religion, but it forced upon the public mind various religious truths and principles which in days of peace are too commonly overlooked by large classes of our people. War is vigorously stimulating. War vitalizes all the faculties of the mind, and arouses all the energies of the heart. War makes demands on the latent forces of the soul, and drives individuals and groups of men into forms of conduct to which they have hitherto been strangers. War compels men and women to live not only more intensely, but at deeper depths of their being than in ordinary days, and the consequence is that many of the laws of life flash out then with a new significance, and men see the virtue of va-

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rious principles whose operations had been previously unnoticed.

At many points the war illustrated most remarkably the truths which are written in the New Testament. Many men who had never before been interested in that book desired now to read it, and those who had read it for many years, found its pages becoming thrillingly vivid when read in the glare of the great conflagration. Paragraphs which had been dull, now became vivid, and truths which had made a feeble appeal to the imagination, now gripped both the understanding and the conscience.

This volume attempts to set forth a few of the lessons which the war has forced upon the minds of those whose work is the upbuilding of Christian character, and who are in the habit of thinking earnestly on the laws and processes of moral life. The war has supplied the Christian Church with new arguments for those who ask a reason for the faith that is in her. It has furnished graphic and piercing illustrations of the fundamental truths which Jesus taught. It has confirmed faith in the validity of the principles which lie at the foundation of the Christian philosophy. It has poured a flood of light into corners which to many minds were dark, and has lifted to glorious prominence the central idea of the Christian religion—sacrificial service. The whole experience of the war

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is an illuminating commentary on the Gospels. A diligent reader of recent history finds at every step proofs that what Jesus and the apostles said of the human heart is true. It is now more clearly evident than ever before, that Peter's declaration to the City of Jerusalem concerning Jesus Christ, was the word of soberness and truth: "There is no other name under heaven, that is given among men, wherein we must be saved."

C. E. J.

New York City.

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I

THE MIND'S THIRST FOR GOD

IT is significant that when the great storm broke on the world in 1914, the first question which pushed its way to the lips was, "Why does God permit this?" It was asked by the profoundly religious, and it was asked also by men who made no profession of religion. Churchgoers asked it, and men who held aloof from churches asked it with equal eagerness. Even confirmed skeptics asked it. All at once everybody seemed to become theological in his thinking.

We had been living in a Scientific age. Science deals with second causes. It is interested in gravitation, heat, light, electricity. Its domain is the kingdom of forces, physical, chemical, cosmic. Its delight is to explain phenomena. It gives us reasons for the things we see and hear. It accounts for the lightning, the thunder, and the rainbow. It tells us why there are eclipses of the sun and the moon, and what causes the tide to rise and fall. It understands the ways of the wind, and is familiar with the laws of the seasons. Science had become the miracle worker of our modern world, and was enthroned as our most fascinating and authoritative teacher. We had formed the habit of spell-

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ing Nature with a big N, and in sundry circles Nature had crowded out the name of God. Many men were able to conduct the entire business of their intellectual life with such words as force and energy and law, and God was not in all their thoughts. But when the big guns began to belch death, all this scientific lingo was discarded, and men began to speak at once in Bible terms. They broke through the network of conceptions in which they had been long held captive, and came out into the place of the prophets and apostles. They did not ask, "Why did not the forces of Nature prevent this?" They did not place the responsibility on either heat or light or gravitation or electricity. No one was heard to find fault with the laws of Nature. Men were intent on getting behind all forces and all laws to the Source of things; they pushed their way boldly to the throne of God. They demanded of God an explanation.

Some of us had been living in a world of abstractions. We had fallen into the habit of using the pale and vague phrases of the philosophers. We had become somewhat distrustful of such a familiar and definite word as God, and preferred to speak of the "Infinite," or the "Absolute," or the "Eternal." We were deadly afraid of anthropomorphism, and had a shrinking from committing ourself to a belief in the personality of God. We strove to emancipate ourself from the conceptions and speech of our fathers, and found relief in such large and

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modern expressions as "The infinite and eternal energy" or "The tendency that makes for righteousness" or the "Vital Urge." But when the thunderbolts of the great war began to smash to splinters the house in which we had been living, we forgot all this philosophic finery, and went back to the plain sensible language of religion. No one was heard to ask, "Why did It allow this deluge of blood and tears?" or "Why did the Vital Urge plunge us into so deep a ditch?" Every one used the old word—God. Every one spoke without hesitation the personal pronoun "He," a pronoun used by all normal men through thousands of years in their references to the Deity. No one seemed afraid to commit himself to the idea that God can hear and see. "He that planted the ear shall he not hear? He that formed the eye shall he not see?" We all took it for granted when the war burst upon us that God can see and hear, and assuming this, we were puzzled as to why He could permit the world to suffer so much. The one question which came up again and again was, "Why does He not stop it?" We were all sure that He knew everything which was going on, but we could not reconcile His goodness with this deluge of woe.

This was the piercing question of the people at home, and it was also the deepest question of the men at the front. The soldiers all became theologians. They were shoved into theological thinking by the pressure of army experiences. Thousands of them had heretofore

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taken no interest in religion. They had pushed it aside as a superstition and a burden. They were not interested in questions about God. But in the trenches they found themselves now and again thinking about God, wondering about Him, asking themselves questions concerning His character and His purposes. "If He is good and almighty then how can He permit all this misery?" That is the kind of question at which theologians have for centuries been working, and the private soldier found himself working at it too. He worked at it because he was awake. The war had aroused him from intellectual sleep. All the questions which cluster around predestination and foreordination, the freedom of the will, and the divine decrees, came up one after the other for consideration, for the human mind when thoroughly aroused has boundless curiosity to know the nature and ways of God. Its thirst is insatiable.

This is the first thing which the war did for us, it pushed us into deeper depths of living. It compelled us to face problems which we had continuously ignored. It gave the intellect a jolt, and set wheels, long disused, revolving. It aroused the heart. A black tragedy was thrown on it, and under the weight of that tragedy the heart awoke. Innumerable miseries and woes came tramping in from many lands, and the soul, semi-stupefied by selfishness, became more hospitable and human. Sympathy expanded and deeper depths of life were uncovered. We had been sailing our boat upon a lake, and suddenly

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we found ourselves swept down a rapid river and out to sea. Those who think superficially have no need of God. Those who think deeply find themselves face to face with Him. Under sunny skies and on a road which is straight and smooth, we do not seem to need the assistance of the Almighty, our own strength is sufficient for every need. But when we are caught in the swirl of forces beyond our control, and are swept through days of suffering onward toward something we know not what, the soul awakens to the fact that there is some one other than itself who is mightily at work, moulding races and nations, and sweeping the world onward to predetermined ends.

Christian congregations suddenly found that they were interested in so-called doctrinal preaching. It had become the fashion in numerous quarters to smile at dogmas and poohpooh all the creeds. That it makes no difference what a man believes in religion was accepted as an axiom even by persons who ought to have been wiser. Men and women were interested in their philanthropies and social programs and had lost interest in the great truths which had made it possible for men in preceding centuries to subdue kingdoms, work righteousness, obtain promises, and stop the mouths of lions. It was a practical age—an age bent on doing things, and the pressure of the social problems had so fixed the eyes of multitudes upon the movements of society as to blind them to the claims and purposes of God. As soon as

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the sky grew black and civilization seemed on the point of sinking, men began to realize that it is by our beliefs that we live. It is because of our visions that we have strength to do our tasks. Doctrinal preaching is, after all, intensely practical preaching, for it is the sort of preaching which heartens men to bear heavy burdens and to meet perilous situations. Congregations which had been interested solely in community welfare work now showed a genuine hunger for sermons about God. The human heart was crying out everywhere for Him. There was an instinctive feeling that it is with their Creator that men have to deal, and that the first piece of work for every man is to get right with God. It was a novel spectacle which we witnessed—the man in the street grappling with huge problems as old as the world. "If God is good how can He be Almighty?" "If God is Almighty how can He be good?" The old problem of suffering was forced upon every sensitive heart. Men found themselves tussling with the unfathomable mystery which puzzled Job. They did in the midst of their tribulations what Job did in the midst of his. They cried out: "O that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat!" All deep experiences sweep us toward God. The most superficial woman in the town becomes a theologian as soon as she loses her baby. Her first question is: "Why has God done this?" A man followed through the years by repeated failures and misfortunes asks himself: "What

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have I done that God has set Himself against me?" A soldier losing his arms and his legs has a desire to know something of the attitude to him of the God who is in all things and over all. Men who lie in the hospitals fatally wounded find their thoughts going out toward their Creator. In the words of Lieutenant John Crowe Ransom:

> "Now God be thanked by dying men
> Who comrades them in times like these.
> The whole world crumples in disease
> But God is pitying to the end,
> And gives an office to my knees."

New volumes of experience have been filled within the last five years, confirming the testimony of the Psalmist: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." We need a God to explain this world, and we need a God to sustain us in making our way through it. At the beginning we found ourselves peering into the character and the purposes of God, and as the war went on, we were compelled to fall back upon Him, day by day, for courage and strength. It was a disheartening and exhausting war. Again and again it seemed as though the Allies must inevitably go down. More than once they were delivered by what seemed to be a miracle. In every year of the conflict there were heartbreaking disappointments. The losses were appalling, and the best laid plans came to nothing.

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The German military machine was so perfect that it seemed no combination of forces could avail against it. The sky was black as midnight again and again, and never was it blacker than in the summer of the last year.

But even when the outlook was the most hopeless, the hearts of the Allies never failed. With every defeat their courage stiffened. The darker the night the more brightly flamed their hope. The French said: "They shall not pass," and the Germans did not pass. The British general said to his men: "You stand with your back to the wall," and there they stood unconquerable. They believed in God. Marshal Foch and General Haig trusted in God. The great men behind the lines, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Asquith, were all believers in God. Sir David Beatty expressed the faith of all of them when he said: "Surely the Almighty God does not intend this war to be just a hideous fracas, a bloody orgy. There must be purpose in it all. Improvement must be born out of it all." It was because God was in His heaven that we were certain that righteousness would finally prevail. Men about to start for the front loved to sing:

"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home."

And fathers and mothers far away soothed their hearts by humming:

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"O God, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling place serene."

And so from year to year we found ourselves better able to read the Psalter. God became to us more and more what He was to Israel, a Buckler and a Shield, a Refuge and a Rock. For multitudes the Psalm Book can never be again what it was before the war. Sentences which were once dull now flame with a holy light. Names for God which once seemed meaningless are now freighted with a rich significance. War has kindled a lamp inside the Psalter, and lines of poetry which once excited only a languid interest now thrill us because they express experiences which we ourselves have passed through. We can say with the Hebrew poet: "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God? My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?"

And we can say with a jubilant confidence born of experience: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change, and though the mountains be moved in the heart of the seas."

Not only has the war taught us our supreme need of God, but it has made clear that everything depends upon the kind of God we believe

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in. It is not enough to believe in God: we must believe in the God who has revealed Himself in Jesus Christ. The Kaiser is no doubt a conscientious believer in a Supreme Being. All through his public career he has pushed to the front his religious belief, and never did he speak so often or so fervently of Deity as during the war. But it nowhere appears that the God in whom he believes is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. He believes in what he calls the good old German God, and the good old German God seems to be a compound of the Thunder god Thor, of the old Teutonic mythology, and the ancient Hebrew God who appears in the books of Judges and Samuel. But there is no God in the heavens corresponding to either one of those ancient conceptions. The God who rules this universe is the Father of Jesus Christ. The God who is King of Kings and Lord of Lords is a God of righteousness and mercy. The God who has made of one all the nations of the earth, and who sets one nation up and pulls another nation down, is a God who is sensitive to the cries of little children, and zealous in the defense of helpless women, and indignant over the outrages perpetrated by brutal might on defenseless men. At the center of the universe is a heart of pity. On the throne of the universe there is a soul of compassion. In this world of ours there is an Eternal Spirit who works day and night for righteousness, and any nation which sets itself against this Spirit is scattered as dust. This is the kind of God whom the war

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has revealed anew, and in Him we can trust to the uttermost.

The influence of the war in turning the human mind to God is illustrated by the experience of the brilliant English novelist, Mr. H. G. Wells. Mr. Wells before the war, like many another popular writer, had apparently no interest in God. He wrote on many subjects, but never about God. He ventured into various fields, but always kept far away from theology. The war wrought a revolution in Mr. Wells' soul. That revolution he has described for us in three volumes. In the first of these the novelist tells us how "Mr. Britling sees it through." Through to what? To God! The war was the means of leading Mr. Britling to God. Who is Mr. Britling? He is Mr. Wells. A new convert is full of zeal, and so Mr. Wells had to write a second volume. The title was "God the Invisible King." He must tell us what kind of a God he has found. Even this was not enough. Mr. Wells had to write another book, "The Soul of a Bishop." The Bishop found his soul—he found God. Who is the Bishop? Mr. Wells. Mr. Wells cannot be commended as a theological teacher, but his experience is illuminating as revealing the effect of the war upon an exceedingly sensitive and exceptionally alert mind. Mr. Wells is only one of thousands whom the war has compelled to think of their Creator. The war has taught us that the human mind when thoroughly alive is athirst for God.

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II

THE HUNGER OF THE HEART FOR CHRIST

ON the last night of Jesus' earthly life, He said to the men who were nearest to Him: "You believe in God, believe also in me. I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. He that hath seen me hath seen the Father. Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me."

In the long days of peace, when the sun shone by day and the stars by night, it was enough for many of us to believe in God as an essence, a principle, a force. As the material universe went on expanding under the magic wand of Science, we found it impossible to localize Deity after the fashion of our childish days. There was no longer any "up" or any "down," and the heaven with the throne in the middle of it upon which God had formerly sat, vanished. Science had taken away the God of our youth, and we did not know where to find Him. In the minds of many the idea of God had consequently become vague and dim. His personality had faded out. Theoretically men believed He was everywhere, but practically it was difficult for

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them to find Him anywhere. God was lost in the immensity of His universe. He remained to most men a reality, but He was little more to many than the First Great Cause, the infinite and eternal Energy from which all things proceed. Pantheism of a modern brand crept into the mind under the guise of the Divine Immanence, and while men could speak of God as vibrating in every atom of the material universe, they did not find it easy to establish personal relations with this diffused and unpicturable Deity.

In many circles of thoughtful people the man Jesus had receded into the background, crowded out by teachers more modern, and with a message seemingly more applicable to the problems of our time. His name was held in reverence, but He was not a vital factor in conduct or experience. He belonged to the distant past, and men sought fountains of inspiration in other quarters.

But when the sun was suddenly turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, and when the stars began to fall from heaven, and civilization threatened to slide into chaos, the heart cried out for a God of a very different sort. A Principle was not sufficient, an Energy was not satisfying. A God who vibrates in atoms did not calm or strengthen the heart. We wanted some One who would have pity on us, some One who would show mercy, some One who would sympathize with us in our confusion and distress. The universe became chilling, almost

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icy, and we wanted to cuddle near a heart that was warm. The world was swept by a tempest of hate, and we were hungrier than ever before for love. We believed in God but this was not enough. Other men also believed in God. The Mohammedans, for instance, believed in God. All through the war they prayed daily to God. The butchers who piled high the heaps of Armenian dead no doubt said their prayers before and after their horrid butchery. But the God of Mohammed is a God of Power. He is almighty and he is absolute. He holds all things in an iron grip, he rules the universe like an Oriental despot. But when the earth runs blood and the air is filled with sobs and cryings, we want something more than a God of Might. We want some one who will say to us tenderly: "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." In the thunder and uproar of battle, the soul longs for tones that are gentle. When all the barbaric appetites and passions leap into the saddle and trample the nations into the dust, we go in search of some One who will speak to us of compassion and pity and love.

And so the great war did this wonderful thing—it rolled the world toward Christ. Men who had never cared for Him, now became interested in Him, men who had used His name only in profanity, now began to think about Him with reverence, men who had followed Him not because of heart allegiance, but because of the traditions of their fathers, drew closer to Him and found in Him what they had

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never found before. He had said long ago: "I am the bread of life," and when the great famine came in 1914 men began to understand what He meant. He had said: "I am the water of life," and men on long marches, weary and homesick, entered for the first time into the deep meaning of His words. He had said: "I am the light of the world," and when darkness fell upon the lands, many a heart turned instinctively to Him for guidance. The heart seemed to know the hymn even though the lips had never learned it:

"We would see Jesus, for the shadows lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen,
For the last weariness, the final strife."

Men everywhere felt the need of a brother. This was consciously felt by multitudes of the people at home—it was the insistent need of the men at the front. The soldier wounded and deserted in No Man's Land yearned for the presence of a friend who sticketh closer than a brother. In the solitude and desolation of the swamp or the forest many a man realized for the first time how necessary is the assistance of a big brother, and it was not of a brother at home that he thought, but of Him who was glad to call Himself the brother of us all. Men wanted a brother who could pass over mountains and seas, and who could walk unharmed across shell-swept battle-fields, and who could breathe into the heart the tonic of patience and good cheer. The Christ of the Gospels was just the

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kind of friend which the soldier's heart cried out for. This is one of the thrilling spectacles of the war—thousands of men reading the New Testament with hungry and eager hearts who had never read the New Testament before! The New Testament is the most precious of all books because it contains the portrait of Jesus—the man who reveals to us what God is and also what man ought to be.

Paul in writing to one of his churches said that it was his purpose to do nothing but preach Christ and Him crucified. The cross stands at the center of the Christian religion. All the New Testament writers bow before the cross. Jesus Himself had said: "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." The power of the cross was demonstrated all through the war, and nowhere was its power more manifest than at the front. Soldiers in the midst of their sufferings could not help thinking of the Supreme Sufferer of history. It was the suffering Christ who came to them in their moments of meditation, and sometimes even in their dreams. The life of a soldier is dreary and disagreeable beyond description. Military service has always been hard, but never has it been harder than in the last war. What the men on the fighting front suffered in the last four years can never be told. Many a man on coming home says: "I do not want to talk about it. I want to get the whole hideous experience out of my mind." To men who were suffering up to the limit of human endurance there was no life

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which brought such encouragement and comfort as the life of Him who was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Just to think of Him brought the heart peace. Jesus also had been loyal to a cause. He also had given up everything which men count dear. He also had subjected Himself to hardships and sufferings unspeakable, all because of His devotion to a high ideal. He had been willing to sacrifice His life in order that there might be a happier and better world. Because Jesus died for a great cause it becomes easier for others to die.

The cross of Christ was foolishness to the Greeks and a stumbling block to the Jews of the first century. It has been a rock of offense to thousands in each succeeding generation. In our own day scornful words have been written about the crucified Jesus, and how necessary it is that we should get away from the conception of a suffering and dying man. But the war has demonstrated that it is a crucified Jesus which this world is most of all in need of. He draws men to Him now as He has drawn them from the beginning by His sufferings and His death. So long as men live in a world in which goodness triumphs only through sacrifice, they will need the inspiration of the crucifixion. God makes His sympathy with us real and potent through the sufferings of His Son. Many war writers have dwelt upon the place which the Sacrament of the Last Supper made for itself in the lives of the soldiers at the front. Men who had never cared for the sacrament at home, put-

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ting it aside as a needless bit of ritual, now found that they needed it, and partook of the bread and the wine with glad and grateful hearts. There came a fresh meaning into the words: "This is my body which is given for you, this cup is the new covenant in my blood, even that which is poured out for you. This do in remembrance of me." Men who have given up school or business, and kindred and home, and who jeopardize their lives for others, are spiritually prepared to understand the deepest passages of the Gospel story.

There is no doubt that for thousands of men the cross of Jesus will shine henceforth with an augmented splendour. They will sing with a new accent:

> "When I survey the wondrous cross,
> On which the Prince of glory died,
> My richest gain I count but loss,
> And pour contempt on all my pride."

And their hearts will go like a tidal wave into the words of the great hymn:

> "In the cross of Christ I glory
> Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time."

To many Protestant boys the Roman Catholic crucifix will no longer be obnoxious. They will remember the day when a crucifix awakened in their minds a train of thought which brought comfort. A Protestant chaplain has told us of the consolation which came often to him and

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the men who were with him from the representations of the crucifixion which line the French roads. In the daytime they imparted strength to the men who marched by them, and sometimes at night a bronze image of Christ on a stone cross, lit up by the glare of the distant guns, would bring to the heart a fresh assurance of God's love. Not far away young men were being sacrificed for the deliverance of the world, and this cross of Christ kept reminding the heart that God has declared that it is only through sacrifice that the world can be saved.

What Christ on the cross meant to all the men who participated in the great war agony we shall never know. There is no doubt that Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, who was killed in the battle of the Marne, told the story of many a heart in his little poem: "Prayer of a Soldier in France":

"My shoulders ache beneath my pack,
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back)
I march with feet that burn and smart,
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart)
Men shout at me who may not speak,
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek)
I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear.
(Then shall my fickle soul forget
Thy Agony of Bloody Sweat)
My rifle hand is stiff and numb,
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come)
Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea.
So let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen!"

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But it is not simply the revelation of manhood that the heart needs in its deepest hours. It craves a revelation of God. "Show us the Father." This is the cry of the human spirit through all the generations. It is not enough to know that Jesus was a patient and kind-hearted peasant, a philanthropist and patriot, a teacher and saint. We want to know God. Can Jesus show us God? Can Jesus give us a vivid conception of God? Can Jesus lead us to God? Can Jesus make us sure of God? Unless we know God and are sure of Him, the heart is hungry and the spirit has no rest. We want an unveiling of God's mind, a revelation of His heart. We want to know how He thinks and feels, what is His attitude to us, and what are His purposes for the world.

The New Testament assures us that Christ is God manifest in the flesh, that He is the image of the invisible God, that He is the very image of God's substance, and that if we have the mind of Christ we have the mind of God. The war drove us in search of a God who could meet imperious needs. We wanted a sympathizing God, one who could and would suffer with us, one who could be afflicted in all our afflictions. We wanted a God of mercy and compassion, one who would not be deaf to the cry for help, one who would pity mankind in its immeasureable woe. We wanted a God of righteousness, one who is on the side of justice, and before whom the wicked cannot stand. We wanted a God who is King of Kings and Lord of Lords, and

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whose ultimate triumph over all the forces of evil is certain. We wanted a God who is a consuming fire, who is infinitely holy, and who blazes with wrath against all who work iniquity. This is the God-ideal which arose in the deep places of the heart, and when we looked upon Him we discovered that He had the face of Jesus. Jesus is the heart's ideal of God. He combines all the traits which the soul most craves in Deity. He offers us all the blessings for which we long. He promises to do all that we can ask or hope. We cannot think of a moral perfection which He does not possess. It is impossible for our imagination to add to His glory. The Christian heart always sings:

> "Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
> More than all in Thee I find."

The war subjected us to a tremendous test. All our conceptions and ideals were thrown into the crucible to be purged. In the darkness and misery of the long night it was possible for us to find out just what kind of God the heart is willing to enthrone. We have found out that He is the God who has manifested Himself in Jesus Christ. No other God can ever win us now. The war has blown away the mists of misconception, and we now behold Jesus Christ more clearly as He is. He is indeed King of Kings and Lord of Lords. In the year of our Lord 1914 certain kings of the earth set themselves, and certain rulers took counsel together

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against the Lord, and against His anointed, saying: "Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us," but He who sits in the heavens laughed, the Lord held them in derision. It has been made certain that Jesus' insight was infallible, when He declared that those who take the sword shall perish with the sword. It has been demonstrated that He is the Commander of an army which will subdue all the kingdoms of this world. He is our Brother, our Friend, our Teacher, but He is more than all these. He is our King—our Ruler—our Master. Savonarola in the fifteenth century lifted the shout: "Long live Jesus Christ our King!" It was the dream of that mighty preacher to make Jesus the acknowledged King of Florence. Let it be the aim of all Christians everywhere to make Jesus Christ the King of all the world. God is undoubtedly in Christ reconciling the world to Himself. Christ's name is deservedly above every name, and every knee will some day bend to Him. Browning is right when he says:

> "The acknowledgment of God in Christ
> Accepted by the reason, solves for thee
> All questions in the earth and out of it."

The war has compelled us to face with deepened seriousness the great mystery of the incarnation. He that hath ears to hear can hear a voice saying: "Behold the Lamb of God who takes away the sin of the world." War is the offspring of suspicion and fear and hate, but war

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has revealed the world's crying need of a God of love. It has made clear that without the revelation of God in Christ we are lost. We cannot trust the conjectures of Science, or the speculations of Philosophy, or the maxims of the men reputed wise. To know who God is and what is His attitude to mankind and what are His purposes for the world we must sit at the feet of Jesus.

"So, the All-Great, were the All-loving too.
So, through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying, O heart I made, a heart beats here,
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself
Thou hast no power, nor mayst conceive of mine
But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
And thou must love me who have died for thee."

The final victory was won by generals and admirals who worship God in Christ. Marshal Foch is a devout Christian. When men pour out their praises on him for his glorious achievements he says: "It is not I, it is God." He carries an image of Christ in his tunic. One day when some men were eulogizing his prowess and success he pulled out this image of Christ, saying: "It is that crucified One on the cross who has delivered France." Amid the loud singing of the national anthems, the song which the heart should lift highest is:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

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III

THE NATURALNESS OF PRAYER

PRAYER is an instinct. It is a native part of our make-up. When God created man He implanted in him the impulse to pray. Prayer is therefore a feature of the divine world-plan. It is something conceived and ordained by the Almighty. It is natural for men to breathe and to eat and to drink and to sleep, and it is just as natural for them to pray. It is said that when the hunted hare realizes that the hounds are gaining on it, and that there is nothing more which it can do for itself, it screams aloud. When the soul is overtaken by a terrifying experience it instinctively cries out to God.

In long seasons of fair weather the prayer instinct may not be given opportunity for expression, and like other endowments of the soul, it may become atrophied from disuse. Like all our other powers, the prayer-faculty grows by exercise, and the more one prays the easier it is to pray and the more rewarding. But we are living in a busy world, and there are many things to do. The days are crowded and we are compelled to run from task to task with a speed

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which is sometimes breathless. Men absorbed in multitudinous details of business often forget to exercise their muscles. The body is treated as though it were a negligible factor in the life of a human being. The penalty for the neglect is rigorously exacted. The hospitals and the cemeteries bear witness to the fact that the laws of the human body cannot be trampled on with impunity. Nor can the laws of the soul. There is a law of prayer, and the soul that does not pray deteriorates and gradually loses its higher capacities for living.

A worldly life—a life which is bounded by the material horizon—makes prayer seem a superstition. Men cease to pray and later on discover reasons why it is not necessary to pray. They can accomplish all which is included in their program without speaking to God about it, and why then do a superfluous thing? A shallow life always makes prayer look ridiculous. If a man is content to buy and sell, to read the newspapers and attend the theater, without taking on his heart any of the tasks or problems which belong to full statured men, it is difficult to find reasons why that man needs to pray. A selfish life does not need for its prosperity the strength and vitality which come from prayer. When you hear a person say, "I never pray," you have an indication of the kind of life he is living. He is floating on the surface of existence, and is not attempting work which calls for the forth-putting of the deepest resources of the soul.

The world before the war was bent largely on

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material ends. The ambition to make money was never more general or more intense. In many circles it was an obsession and a fury. Entire groups of men were crazy to build colossal fortunes. Every section of society felt the blighting touch of this materialistic hunger. Men lived in the world of time and sense, and what they supremely craved were material satisfactions. Invention had supplied the human family with numerous interesting toys, and men were playing with these with the hilarity and thoughtlessness of little boys and girls at Christmas.

It was in a time drenched with the materialistic spirit that the objections to prayer became to many minds insuperable. Not only was there no desire to pray, but there seemed to be many and valid reasons why men ought not to pray. Certain features of scientific theory were eagerly seized on and converted into arguments against the efficacy of prayer. The conception of universal and unchangeable law was diligently exploited, and so also was the idea that a loving God will give His children all they need without any trouble on their part of asking. Out of the very book which insists upon it that men ought always to pray and not to faint, there was taken a conception of God which made all prayer absurd. The intellect is a sort of spider which spins webs in which to catch our holiest instincts. The worldly intellect has no difficulty in spinning threads to bind men to a prayerless life.

Under the combined influence of the worldly

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heart and the so-called scientific objections to prayer, multitudes of men and women grew careless in the ordering of their devotional life; the family altar was discontinued in thousands of homes, and not a few members of the church became so skeptical on the subject of prayer that their prayer life became a burden and a mockery. Some confessed, with a touch of regret in their tone, that they had prayed in earlier life, but had given up that habit, while others openly derided prayer as an effete form of superstition. They said much about the reign of law, and never suspected the power of the reign of worldliness. They quoted sundry scientific writers, but they never quoted Jesus. They paraded the arguments of famous men to prove that prayer is futile, never suspecting that these arguments were all rooted in the shallow soil of a worldly heart.

But when the war, like a big black storm, swept in fury across the world, men and women in every country fell upon their knees. The same report was returned from every nation. As by a flash of lightning we saw that God has indeed made of one all the nations of the earth. Men are everywhere alike, and in time of distress turn to a Supreme Power for succour. We had often seen this fact illustrated on a small scale. We knew that men and women always pray on a sinking ship, that in railroad accidents men cry out to Heaven, that even infidels and professed atheists when trapped in a burning building throw themselves on God, but never

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before had we seen the whole world drop suddenly to its knees. The churches became crowded. Extra services were held. The most satisfying part of the services was the prayers. Men who had not been in a church for years were found there. Men who had convinced themselves that it is not worth while to pray now prayed with zeal. The elemental instinct of our humanity mightily asserted itself, and in the twinkling of an eye all the cobwebs of the brain were swept away, and men did instinctively what they were created to do. They spoke to God.

It is surprising how all the arguments against prayer suddenly shrivelled and blew away. The howitzers which blew to atoms the forts of Belgium also blew down the proud structures which unbelief had reared. Men were in a cell behind bars harder than steel—the conceptions of the universality and unchangeableness of law—but these bars melted like wax in the heat of the great conflagration. The speculations of the intellect could not stand against a primitive instinct. Man is by nature a praying animal. The prayer instinct is deep and ineradicable. Prayer will always have its difficulties, but they will never permanently prevail. The intellect will always find plausible reasons why men need not pray, but the soul when awake will continue to cry to God.

Prayer in its simplest form is a plea for personal deliverance. The Hebrew poet kept his eye on human experience when he wrote:

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"Hungry and thirsty their soul fainted in them, then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble."

"They fell down and there was none to help, then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble."

"They draw near unto the gates of death, then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble."

"They reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end, then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble."

Every man when he is at his wit's end—when he has gone as far as it is possible for him to go, and he realizes that that is not far enough, cries out to the Almighty in his trouble. When the war broke upon us we were all at our wit's end. No one had wisdom enough to meet such an appalling situation. The walls of our boasted civilization fell flat, and the men on whom we had relied for guidance and protection were all impotent. Then we cried unto the Lord in our trouble. Soldiers and sailors saying good-bye to the loved ones at home prayed. Later on, awaiting the command to go over the top they prayed again. Still later, wounded and bleeding with no one near to help, they spoke again to God. The Englishman described by Donald Hanky who had not prayed for years, but who when alone in No Man's Land, and so far as he knew wounded unto deah, talked to God about his wife and his kiddies, did only what every man naturally does. That man had been living an abnormal life, but when he came to himself he spoke to his Heavenly Father.

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As the war progressed we found our prayer life deepening. The first prayer is always a cry for personal help. The savage prays to be delivered from some approaching calamity. The barbarian becomes devout in the presence of a threatening foe. Children begin their prayer life by asking God for things they want. The child in us keeps that form of prayer in the first place. There are many adults who have never gotten beyond the narrow bounds of the prayers of their childhood. Their prayers are little more than, "O God, give me this; O God, I want that." But the man whose heart life is growing is not content to pray solely for blessings for himself. He prays for others. He prays for those he loves. He prays for those he knows. As he grows older he prays for those also whom he does not know, and whom he has never seen.

Now the difficulties of intercessory prayer are more puzzling to the intellect than those of prayer for blessings for oneself. A man who asks God for a gift for himself can by means of his philosophy of the mind explain how that prayer may be answered, but how can a man by speaking to God help another man who it may be does not pray for himself? In what way, picturable to the imagination, can my prayer assist a man whom I do not know and whom I have never seen? The difficulties become still more baffling when we begin to pray for whole groups and classes of people, and the difficulty reaches its climax when we attempt to pray for

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the largest social groups, nations and entire races. Many a plausible chapter has been written against intercessory prayer, and an acute skeptic can offer arguments which it is impossible for a believer to answer. In our prayer life, as in all the other kingdoms of experience, we walk by faith and not by sight. It is always possible to ask questions concerning prayer which the wisest man on earth cannot meet. How can God help a man thousands of miles away from me for whom I pray? The answer is, I do not know. But this ignorance on my part is no valid argument against the efficacy of my praying. How does the soul live in the body? Nobody knows. It is impossible to explain it. The fact is not overturned or made doubtful by our inability to furnish an explanation. There are many facts which must be accepted without explanation. We must live, and whatever is necessary to sustain our life we will do. The explanations will come later, some of them in this world, and most of them in the world to come. When we are in trouble we cry to God for help. Our helplessness is the reason for our crying. All the great workers of history have been men of prayer. They prayed not because they reasoned themselves into the attitude of prayer, but because their need drove them to it. Our greatest leaders in their darkest hours have all been found upon their knees. It was the weight of the burden which turned their face toward God. They could not live under such pressure without the Divine aid.

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Now when the pressure becomes sufficiently heavy we pass over into the kingdom of intercessory prayer. We do not stop to examine the arguments for and against it. We do not consult any books to ascertain what the latest thinkers have said about it. We go right on and pray for others. When we are in distress our heart is enlarged, and we spread our petitions out over wider areas of human life. We follow our instinct. We do it because our complete life demands it. Fathers and mothers have not been able in recent years to confine their prayers to themselves. Even parents who had not prayed often for their children found themselves praying when the ship carried their sons across the sea. How natural it was to pray and how easy and how irrepressible. It was as natural as breathing. Tens of thousands of American parents have been baptized into a new spirit by the war. No one has ever said good-bye to his son, knowing that he was going into the horror and hell of the fighting line, and that he was being swept out beyond the parental reach and beyond the reach of every human arm, without feeling a sense of helplessness which was as novel as it is unforgetable. In that hour there was nothing to do but pray. That is what parents did, and brothers and sisters did it, and so did wives and children and sweethearts. Intercessory prayer can never be a meaningless thing again to those whose hearts have spoken day after day to God about a boy who was far away. The claims of

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life are paramount and there are times when we cannot live unless we pray. Once initiated into the sweet mystery of intercessory petition, we found it easy to take in others besides those we knew and loved. We prayed for whole classes of people whom we had never seen and whom we never expected to see. The women of the war-ravaged districts arose before our mind's eye and we prayed for them. We could hear the sobs of mothers and the moans of widows, and it was not possible to approach the Mercy Seat without including these in our petitions. The sufferings of little children haunted us day and night. We carried them on our heart, and because they were on our heart, they dropped into our prayers. We prayed for all Belgium. We had to do it. The heart would have cried out in wrath if we had condemned our lips to silence. We prayed for France, and for Great Britain, and for Italy, and for Russia, and for Serbia, and for Roumania, and for Greece. It became as easy to pray for nations as formerly for individuals. God enlarged us in the day of crushing calamity, and there was room within us for the whole suffering world. Some of us found it possible to pray for Germany. Our Lord has told us to pray for our enemies. We did it, and received the blessing which is promised to hearts that are obedient. The whole war was a wonderful discipline in prayer.

We have gained new experience in the prayer of confession. We as a people had grown blind to the heinousness of sin. We did not realize

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how far short we were falling from the divine standard, and how audaciously all the nations had been trampling on the law of Christ. We prayed no longer for earthly blessings. Many of the things we had coveted greatly now seemed cheap and tawdry. We wanted the blessings which abide, and above all we desired forgiveness. The Pharisaic tone disappeared from much of the praying of Christian people, and in the place of it there came the note of the Publican: "God be merciful to me a sinner!" In thousands of homes the fifty-first Psalm became the chief Psalm in the Psalter, and no sentences expressed more fully the desire of the heart than: "Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me!"

Nor was the prayer of thanksgiving denied us. Many of us had well-nigh forgotten how to be grateful. The language of thanksgiving was foreign to our lips. But when after long years of agony the work of carnage ceased, the language of the Hebrew poets became our native speech. We made a joyful noise unto the Lord. We were like unto them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter and our tongue with singing, then said they among the nations: "The Lord hath done great things for them." Man is naturally religious, and when he is completely himself he speaks easily the language of religion. In those great glad days which succeeded the signing of the armistice the Psalm

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book shone with an unusual splendour. The devotional language of religious men of old came easily to our lips. We said: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

It is in the note of adoration and thanksgiving that prayer reaches its climax. In our worldly hours this form of prayer is tedious if not impossible. When we are cumbered with many cares, or when we are worried about what we are going to eat and wear, or when we are scrambling for tinsel crowns, the heart does not engage in the prayer of adoration. But in our highest moods, when all the faculties of the soul are at their best, it is natural for us to pour out our heart to God in praise. When John heard the worship in the ideal world, he saw that all created beings were prostrate before the throne, and that the representatives of humanity, having cast their crowns at the feet of God, were saying: "Worthy art thou, our Lord and our God, to receive the glory and the honour and the power, for thou didst create all things, and because of thy will they were, and were created." In the jubilant days immediately following the war, the worship in our churches reached ideal heights. It was natural for us to say: "Unto him that sitteth on the throne, and unto the lamb, be the blessing and the honour, and the glory and the dominion for ever and ever."

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IV

THE POWER OF FAITH

FAITH is not the mysterious and impossible thing which some men imagine it to be. To many persons it suggests catechisms, and commentaries, and ponderous theological treatises. It is a thing distinctively ecclesiastic. It belongs in churches. It is a favourite theme for preachers. It is something within the reach of no one but the saints. Men say, "I have no faith," with an accent which declares that it is impossible for them to have any. It has the reputation of being a technical and narrow thing which the man in the street needs not meddle with.

But faith is one of the most abundant things in the world, and one of the simplest. It is found everywhere. Were it not universally diffused the world would fall to pieces. Humanity is held together by man's faith. It is by faith that we live. Destroy all a man's faith, and life for him has lost its glory and motive. Faith is exercised in various directions, and up to various limits. We are not all alike in the degree to which we exercise faith in the different kingdoms of life, but no one of us is entirely without

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it. We all believe that the sun will come up in the morning. We believe it will come up not far from the same time at which it came up to-day. We feel certain it will not wait till nine o'clock or till half-past eleven. The sun has established habits, and we entertain no fear of those habits being broken. We have faith in the sun, and believe he will continue to do what he has done since we first saw him. In January we believe in the spring. We have faith in its coming. Even when there is no indication of its approach, and when all the world is cased in ice, we have no difficulty in believing in the spring. Many springs have come and gone, and another one is coming. This we steadfastly believe. We are content to walk by faith and not by sight.

To do this is not evidence of a credulous and feeble mind. We have faith in the order of Nature, and are not ashamed to confess it. We do not believe that the sun or the moon or the stars are going to become capricious next week, and that everything in the physical heavens thereafter is to go on at haphazard. We believe in law, and we are sure that that law can be depended on. We are not living in a universe which is crazy, or which is likely to go crazy. Our faith in the order of the material universe is absolute. No one is sentimental because he entertains such a faith, nor is he superstitious. It is natural for man to believe in the reliability of the physical order, and if he lacks this belief it is because his mind is sick.

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It is not enough, however, to believe in inorganic nature, we must believe also in human nature. And we do. We begin by trusting our father and mother, and we are able later on to trust the whole human race. We cannot trust all individuals, but we can trust humanity. We cannot have faith in every man, but we can have faith in man. It is only because men have faith in one another that the world gets on. When we board a train we have faith in the man in the locomotive, we believe he understands his business and will bring us to our destination. When we sit down in a hotel to eat our dinner we have faith in the cook. We do not suspect him of a desire to poison us. When we take our money to the bank and leave it there, receiving a scrap of paper in return, we are giving an exhibition of our faith. If we had no faith in men we should be obliged to dig a hole and put all our gold and silver in the ground. We are often disappointed in human beings. Again and again we are deceived and cheated, but this does not destroy our faith in human nature. Our faith is too deep-rooted to be destroyed. It is a part of our very soul, and without it we should become something less than human.

The war gave us amazing exhibitions of the power of faith; faith in men, and faith also in the moral order of the universe. There are three forms of faith, faith in oneself, faith in our fellows, and faith in God. All these three forms of faith rose to their highest in the great conflict. What magnificent faith men had in them-

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selves. Soldiers achieved incredible victories, because they had no doubt of themselves. Even when the situation seemed hopeless, and so far as human calculations could go, defeat appeared inevitable, men by the sheer force of the faith that was in them snatched triumph out of the jaws of destruction.

Men believed as never before in themselves. The Frenchman never realized how much confidence he had in himself till he met the German hosts at Verdun. The Britisher gained a new conception of the solidity and tenacity of the British soul that was in him when, under a sky out of which the sun had fallen, he still found himself believing that the British army could not be defeated.

Men believed in themselves, and they also believed in others. That is indispensable at all times, especially in war. Wars are not won by individuals but by groups. A man must have faith not only in himself but in all the men who fight with him. This form of faith grew to glorious proportions during the war. We believed in one another. We built our hopes on the fidelity and loyalty of the average man. We knew that men are frail and flawed with many an imperfection, but our confidence in their ability to meet the supreme test never wavered. We believed in the soldiers and sailors of our own country, and our belief was equally strong in the sailors and soldiers of other lands. We Americans expected the very highest things of our army and navy. We were

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not disappointed. Our fighting men fought all the more bravely because they were backed up by our glowing belief in them. How could the British soldiers fail when the whole British Empire had such faith in them? And how could Frenchmen prove recreant when the heart of France beat strong and hot behind the fighting line? Clemenceau was not a man whom the world would have expected to become France's foremost citizen in a time of war. In the first place he was too old, and in the second place his record was against him. By his reckless and eccentric denunciations of men and parties he had raised up barriers to his political success. But he possessed the one thing which France was most in need of—faith. He took office in the month of November, 1917, when there was little light in the sky. The months which followed were as somber as any which France has ever known. Russia had fallen by the wayside, bleeding and half dead. The promised American army was yet far away, and it was doubtful if it could arrive in time. Germany was putting forth a strength surpassing that of any preceding year. It looked as though the doom of France was sealed. But the heart of the old editor never quailed. He was the most confident man in all France. He felt sure that victory was coming. His faith was contagious. It penetrated the soul of the whole nation. Before he became Premier there had been groups of defeatists in various parts of France, especially in Paris. But in the presence of this man of

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faith their doubts disappeared. It is said that from the day on which he took office no one in France doubted the outcome of the war. To the eye things continued as black as ever, but in the heart of France there was a new hope, kindled by the irresistible faith of one man. Faith in the human heart often sleeps, but is never dead. During the war it leaped to its feet and gave us fresh revelations of its beauty and its measureless power.

But there were periods in the war when our faith in men was not enough. It is difficult to maintain a calm belief in human leaders in time of storm. As the storm increases, we grow more and more distrustful of those who are managing the ship. We cannot help feeling that under different management we might have reached the desired haven sooner. In every country there were seasons of deep depression. The wisdom of political leaders seemed insufficient to grapple successfully with the problems forced upon them. In some of the countries leaders were changed more than once. They were retired because the people had lost confidence in them. There were times when the military machinery creaked badly and threatened to break down. We in America were tortured by doubts as to our ability to get guns manufactured in season, to raise and drill an army soon enough, to transport our men to the fighting line before it was too late. In more than one crisis there were many doubting hearts. Men straining their eyes to see means

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of escape from the impending calamity were able to see nothing. But even then their faith did not fail them. A deeper kind of faith came to their rescue. After they had lost faith in all the machinery which human genius had been able to create, they fell back on their faith in the moral integrity of the universe. They believed that the world is so constructed that justice in the long run must inevitably prevail. They accepted the dictum of the poet that truth crushed to earth will rise again. Just as they believed in the regular rising of the physical sun, so they now believed more firmly than ever that the Sun of Righteousness would surely rise with healing in His beams. Men who did not use the name of God and who made no professions of belief in Him had an unconquerable faith in the moral order of the world. They could not admit that a righteous cause can be defeated. Even though they could not tell how victory could be won, they still insisted that defeat was impossible. I asked one day a French chaplain who was visiting this country what he thought of the outcome. His reply was that the Allies were sure to win. I asked him how, and he said he did not know. I suggested one way after another, but none of them seemed to satisfy him. He saw no hope in any direction I was able to suggest, but his conviction of final victory remained immovable. He could not see how the victory was coming. He was only sure that it would come. This is faith. We walk by faith when we walk by the sight

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of the inner eye. Faith is not shut up in churches. It is not a fad or hobby of professedly religious people. It is found in men who are not identified with any form of religion. Men who have no connection with Christian churches, and who find all religious forms irksome, sometimes exhibit a faith which surpasses that of those who are listed in the ranks of the believers. Many a man had a song in his heart which he did not sing with his lips. All sorts and conditions of men knew the tune of the old hymn:

"Right is right since God is God
And right the day must win,
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

This belief in the moral order of the world was what sustained the Allies in the years of darkness and defeat. When Germany entered the war her supreme faith was in her military machine. She had spent forty years in constructing it, bestowing on it the full energy of her wonderful mind. It was no doubt the most perfect military engine ever constructed by military genius. So confident was the German General Staff of the invincibility of this engine that it was not reluctant to declare war, if necessary, upon the whole world. Of all the nations which entered the war, Germany was the only one which entered it with a shining face. Her heart sang because of her faith—her implicit trust in the efficiency of the instrument which

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her hands had made. The high priests of militarism had by diligent instruction succeeded in building up in the hearts of a majority of the German people a faith similar to their own. Politically the German people are docile, and they accepted blindly the creed handed them by their leaders. The evidence is voluminous and incontrovertible that the German people were on the whole firm in their belief that with the help of their engine of war it was possible for them to seize and hold the leadership of the world. They felt this leadership belonged to them because of their intellectual superiority and their moral worth. Their faith was in their own strong right arm. But when the military engine began to give signs of breaking down, the spirit of the German people collapsed. As soon as it became apparent that the German military hierarchy was not infallible, Germans lost faith in their cause. Their faith had been primarily in themselves. The moral order of the universe had not greatly concerned them. They wanted a larger place in the sun, and any method of gaining it, however atrocious, was justifiable. Treaties were only scraps of paper, and the rights of humanity were fictions to be laughed at. Never in history did a nation so recklessly trample on all the laws of God and man as did Germany in the great war. Her recklessness was due to her faith. She believed with all her soul and heart and mind and strength in her army. By means of her army she could enlarge her borders, and assess upon

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all nations which opposed her will crushing indemnities. Her frankness in telling the whole world what she was going to do was the product of her colossal conceit. But she built her house on the sand. When the flood came it was swept away. The suddenness of her downfall amazed the world. It was the fall of a colossus whose feet were clay. It was the collapse of an edifice whose foundation stones were rotten. Germany had ceased to sing in her heart the hymn of her greatest son:

"A mighty fortress is our God
A bulwark never failing,"

and had worshipped at the shrine of Bismarck and Nietzsche and Bernhardi. Military reverses are disheartening to nations not certain of the righteousness of their cause. Local defeats spread panics through an army whose chief ambition is conquest. Even the Prussian Guard was not able to stem the tide which flowed resistlessly back toward the German frontier. Surely the German soldiers were not cowards. They had simply lost faith in their cause.

The collapse of Germany under the blows of defeat is all the more impressive when set in contrast with the effect of defeat on the armies of the Allies. Often were these armies defeated, but their spirit only stiffened under each successive defeat. Their misfortunes were appalling, but they did not break the French or British temper. The blacker the skies the

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higher the French and British held their heads, and the more tremendous the assaults made upon them, the deeper became the determination that they would never allow themselves to be conquered. It was their belief in the righteousness of the cause for which they fought which rendered them invincible. It was their trust in the moral integrity of the universe which enabled them, thrown repeatedly to the ground, to rise again. It was because of their faith in God that they finally prevailed. "They endured as seeing Him who is invisible."

We who were far behind the battle lines were sustained by the same holy faith. Better even than the men at the front we could see every bending of the battle line, and could measure the extent of each retreat. We had spread before us day after day the full account of the awful losses, and could take in, as it was not possible for a soldier to take in, the full dimensions of each disaster. There were times when the eye looking on from afar could see no possibility of deliverance. In those times we boldly walked by faith. We said to ourselves: "Paris is not going to fall." "The channel ports will not be taken." And then, perchance, feeling that we had been over confident, we went on to say, "But even if Paris does go down, and even if the channel ports all fall into German hands, even then the cause of the Allies will triumph." We said this solely because of our faith in God.

A New York boy marching with his regiment

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one day through an English town, was feeling homesick and very tired. It was in the late afternoon. His face was toward France, and in imagination he could already hear the boom of the guns. Presently the regiment came in front of an orphan asylum where little boys and girls were singing the "Star-Spangled Banner." To this American boy three thousand miles from home, the national anthem had never seemed so sweet as it seemed that evening. Its sweetness was deepened by the fact that it was sung by children of another nation, and its words gained a pathos and a power because they came from the lips of children made orphans by the war. The anthem was all beautiful, but there was one couplet which rose in loveliness above everything else. This American soldier had never been impressed by that particular couplet before, but now it seemed almost like a voice from heaven:

"Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, in God is our trust."

The sun was sinking in the west, and these American boys were marching toward the field of blood, but they forgot their weariness and saw no longer the perils of the front. Their hearts had been lifted to new altitudes of faith by these children's voices, and they rested anew in the great God who is in and over and behind all causes which are just.

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V

THE JOY OF SERVICE

ONE of the miracles of the last four years has been the abounding gladness in the hearts of multitudes of our people. The papers do not say much about it, but we are all aware of its existence. There was a spirit of cheerfulness in the air which every sensitive heart could feel. There was a spiritual glow in the people which we had never known before. This gave us great surprise. There were a thousand reasons why we ought to have been disconsolate. Every day we had justification for being glum. The daily chronicle of the world's losses was enough to drive every sunbeam out of the heart. Men were dying every week by the thousands. The wealth accumulated by the sweat and toil of a century was being thrown into the fire. The misery of whole populations was indescribable. The hunger and wretchedness and helplessness of men, women and children was a tragedy black enough to overwhelm us. We could not help thinking of these losses. The destruction of homes and of family treasures, of rare manu-

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scripts and books, of famous paintings and statues and renowned cathedrals—this lay like a crushing weight upon our hearts. And then there were the still greater losses, the loss of reputation and honour by nations which we had formerly revered, the loss of confidence and trust by which the soul lives, the loss of faith in leaders who had once been our teachers, surely this was sufficient to cover the whole land with gloom. Strange to say, it did not. At no time during the war was our country really gloomy. Never was there a day which could properly be called doleful. This was true even after we had entered into the war, and after the columns of the newspapers had begun to be filled with the names of our own wounded and dead. Even when military reverses were most disheartening, and when the outlook was darkened by rolling masses of clouds, even then there was a light in the land which kept us from stumbling, and a joy in the heart which made it glorious to be alive.

On looking back on it all, we are filled with amazement. We can hardly understand how we got on as we did. We can remember now even though we may not have thought of it at the time, that our hearts burned within us as we walked along the darkened and perilous way. There was an exhilaration, an exaltation of soul in our people which cannot be remembered without a thrill. The glory of the Lord seemed to shine round about us.

When we seek for an explanation of this re-

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markable phenomenon, we find it in the fact that for once the whole American people entered deeply into the experience of servantship. Suddenly we were all called upon to serve. The call came in 1914, and we went to work at once to send needed things across the sea. The call was louder in 1915, and louder still in 1916, and in 1917 it became like thunder. Up to the spring of 1917 we had been giving money, food, clothing, medicines, bandages, all the things which sick and wounded men need, but in April, 1917, we ourselves went into the war as combatants, and at once it became necessary for us to enlarge our activities on every hand. There were thousands of things to be done, and they had to be done at once, and with efficiency. The work of fighting is only a fraction of the task of war. To keep one man in the trenches seven men and women must work constantly behind the lines. We found at once that the work could not be accomplished by any one class of our people. There was work for all. We had entered on a stupendous enterprise and every one had to do his bit. The spontaneity and alacrity with which all classes responded to this call will never be forgotten. The young men of the country submitted to conscription. There were predictions that such an innovation would be stubbornly resisted, but the predictions were not fulfilled. The anticipated riots did not occur. Our young men responded magnificently to their country's call. The example of the soldiers and sailors was followed

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by all our people. Every one wanted to do something. When the Red Cross called for workers, they came in a constant procession. When the Red Cross asked for millions of dollars they were promptly given. When the Y. M. C. A. called for workers, they responded by the thousands, and when it asked for millions of dollars, the dollars came. A score of new organizations leaped into the field calling for money and volunteers, and these did not call in vain. There seemed to be no limit either to the willingness to give money, or to the ambition and capacity to serve.

This zeal was not peculiar to any one class of our people. The rich were not a whit behind the poor in their eagerness to help. Even many of the idle rich put their hand to the plow and never looked back. Men of wealth gave up their mansions for the use of soldiers, and women of high society worked side by side with their obscure sisters in Red Cross sewing circles and in canteens. Millionaires gave their money lavishly, and what was even more indispensable, their time and ability to the Government. Business men with five talents placed all their talents on the altar of their country. Men capable of earning hundreds of thousands a year were willing to work for one dollar. Kings of finance and merchant princes and college presidents were glad to double their hours of work, and to subject themselves to the strain and fatigue of numberless trips to Washington. Men who had never before known what a de-

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light it is to work for a great cause now found it; and women who had lived exclusively for themselves now had the novel and joyous experience of working for others.

In all great enterprises calling for generosity and self-abnegation no class of human beings ever surpasses the poor. All over the country the rich and the poor worked together in serving the Allies. While the rich gave their millions, the poor gave their dollars, and it was out of extreme poverty that many gave. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, women knitted day and night in the home, in the lecture hall, in the street cars, on the street corner, everywhere. The poorest woman in the town felt it a privilege to make her contribution to the world's cause. Families denied themselves in some cases even the comforts of life in order that they might do more for those who were in need far away. Girls who toiled all day in the factory or store were glad in spite of their weariness to give their evenings to work for the Red Cross, or to serve in canteens. It would be a beautiful chapter in the history of the world if one could tell the full story of what the poor people of our country did to achieve victory in the great war.

The aged were not willing to be left out. Old men who had retired from business, or ceased to work at their trade because of their age, became workers again. And aged women worked with the agility and glee of girls in knitting socks and sweaters for the boys at the front.

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Even the children were baptized into the same spirit, and did with the fine zest of youth everything that it was possible for children to do. There were no more ambitious and indefatigable sellers of Liberty Bonds in the land than were found among the boys and girls in the schools. They too helped to win the great war. How many thousands of boys and girls in Belgium and France and Armenia were made glad by the sacrifices and labours of the boys and girls of America, only God will ever know. From the richest to the poorest and from the oldest to the youngest, the American people gave themselves up to the gigantic task of making the world safe for democracy.

Here then is a spectacle truly sublime. A nation of a hundred million people baptized into the spirit of service: a vast country dedicated soul and body to the forwarding of a noble enterprise; a mighty Republic girding itself for the doing of a splendid task; all classes and conditions of men surrendering themselves to a great cause. It was an awakening, a rebirth of the American soul. Many selfish people became for a season unselfish. They had lived all their life for themselves, and for a season they now lived for others. From their birth they had been lords and ladies, and now they suddenly became servants. No wonder there was a new emotion, a new thrill. Scales, as it were, fell from the eyes. Manacles dropped from the wrists. Men and women found themselves in possession of a freedom they had never known

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before. The prisoners of self-indulgence and selfishness came out of their dungeons, and were astonished to find how full of light the world is. In short, the war taught multitudes for the first time the secret of a happy life.

The idea of happiness through service is an old doctrine, but many had held it as a theory rather than a working principle of daily life. They accepted the New Testament as a book of divine wisdom, but they had never been initiated into its mysteries. It is one thing to read about Jesus washing His disciples' feet, and it is another thing to follow His example. It is one thing to applaud the action of the Good Samaritan, and it is another thing to go and do likewise. In the days of peace and increasing wealth, we had become more and more a pleasure-loving people. Selfishness was our besetting sin. Personal ease and comfort was the summum bonum of multitudes both young and old. We did not like to be interfered with in the carrying out of our own programs, we resented any suggestion that we ought to give up anything we liked to have or do. And so, many of us were in the deep ruts of self-indulgence. Our life was more selfish than we knew. The average man gave all his time to the building of his own fortune, and the average woman thought too exclusively of the things that belonged to her. War laid its rude hand upon us and pulled us out of our ease and egotism. War compelled us to recognize the glory of doing things for others. It opened our eyes as a

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nation to the truth which Jesus of Nazareth long ago proclaimed. The war was a mighty preacher, and one of the great lessons it illustrated and drove home is that the way of service is the way of life.

The idea of servantship is written in vivid characters across the pages of the New Testament. Jesus of Nazareth loved to think of Himself as a servant. The principle of domination was abhorrent to Him, and He saw that it is the root cause of much of the world's woe. The way out of our conflicts and distresses, He said, lies through the principle of service. One of His sayings which sank deepest into the hearts of His disciples was: "Whosoever would become great among you shall be your minister; and whosoever would be first among you shall be your servant." He did not impose this idea on others, and refuse to follow it Himself. He proclaimed Himself a servant. "The son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." "I am in the midst of you as he that serveth." On the last night of His earthly life, He summed up what He had taught His followers concerning His mission by taking a basin and a towel and washing twelve men's feet. After He had done it He said to them: "Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am. I have given you an example, that ye also should do as I have done to you." Jesus stands before the world as the world's great servant. He leads mankind because He

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serves. He masters the ages because He ministers to men. It is evidence that He came from God and went back to God because He was willing to become the servant of all. It is the servantship of Jesus which thrills the heart of Paul, and makes him proud to write himself always: "Paul the servant of Jesus Christ." When Paul thinks of Jesus he is awestruck by the thought that He took upon Himself "the form of a servant." When he urges men to become godlike he can furnish no stronger motive than the example of Jesus: "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ."

The great Teacher who spoke often of service spoke also often of joy. He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, but in His sorrows and grief He was always rejoicing. From Nazareth to Golgotha He walked with a shining face. The tragedy of the world's sin did not quench the light in His eyes. He enjoyed life to the utmost. It was His cheerfulness which was one of the secrets of His fascination, and also one of the causes of His crucifixion. The glum-faced, pious folk of His day suspected Him because He was so happy. How could a man whose heart was right with God go to so many dinner parties and have such an enjoyable time with all sorts and stripes of people? Even after the persecution became bitter and venomous His heart remained jubilant. He was still a servant, going about doing good. In the upper chamber with the shadow of the cross

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upon His face, the springs of happiness in His heart still kept flowing. He had enough for Himself and for all. "These things have I spoken unto you that my joy may be in you, and that your joy may be fulfilled." He assured them that notwithstanding the hardships to which He was calling them, "Your heart shall rejoice and your joy no one taketh away from you." He told them that they could always call upon Him for new stores of gladness. "Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be fulfilled." In the face of a world that was hostile to Him, and bleeding from the wounds which wicked men had inflicted on Him, He said to the men who were to carry on His work: "In the world ye have tribulation, but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world." All through the war we were in the midst of tribulations, but our hearts did not lose the art of rejoicing. We had a joy which the world had not given us, and which the world could not take away. It was the joy which God imparts to His children who are willing to serve.

If it is possible in time of war to be lifted high above despondency and gloom by a joy which heaven gives to those who serve their fellows, why should we not maintain this glow of soul through all the years of peace? We were happy when we were thinking of the orphans and widows of Europe and working for them, and why should we not make ourselves happy by a fuller ministry to the poor people in America? For years we carried on our heart

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the burden of Belgium's woe, making sacrifices that we might save the lives of Belgian babies. Why should we not carry on our heart constantly the burden of suffering women in our own country, and work harder to save the lives of American babies? We have found new joy in contending for the rights of people far away; are there no people in our own community whose rights have been denied them, and whose emancipation we might achieve? The women of America have never been happier than when they were feeding soldiers and sailors in our canteens. What a vast amount of dishwashing has been done with thankfulness which would have been shirked as drudgery before the war. But if it is glorious to serve men in times of war, it must be equally glorious to serve them in times of peace. The human heart remains unchanged through all the generations, and always does it crave the sympathy and consideration which have been poured out so lavishly through the last five awful years. There is an enormous amount of work to be done, and every one should be willing to do his bit. Why should this service of humanity be considered the exclusive duty of the churches? In the time of war no one suggested that only church members be called upon to become servants. The call went forth to everybody. The appeal was made to every man and every woman and every child. In time of peace the call is no less general, and the appeal is no less urgent. Why should any class of people slip back into their former selfish

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mode of life? Why should not all who have learned to work continue to work until the sunset hour? A selfish life is always an unhappy life. God reserves the sweetest raptures of the heart for those who live for others. It is only when the soul is consecrated to a noble cause that its faculties develop, and life mounts to richness and power. The joy of service is too beautiful and divine to be permitted to vanish from those sections of society to which it had before the war been a stranger. The war having pushed us into the discovery that the New Testament doctrine of service is a truth from heaven, let us hold on to it, and compel it to bless us all the way.

Our Republic has played gloriously the part of a servant. As soon as it became clear that without our assistance the Allies must go down, we trampled on all traditions and crucified our reluctances, and placed ourselves at their service. The aid which France had rendered us in the years long ago came back afresh to our minds, and the joy of our nation's heart vibrated in General Pershing's voice when at the tomb of Lafayette he said: "Lafayette, we are here." The United States was in the war solely as a servant—a helper of others. We did not fight for territory or money or glory. Our only ambition was to help. The Allies were bearing a heavy burden, and we got our shoulder under the burden, and thus fulfilled the law of Christ. It was this willingness to serve which accounts for the wonderful sense of exaltation which per-

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vaded the land. A whole people consciously entered into the joy of the Lord.

If we are true to our high calling, we shall always remain a servant. It is America's high mission among the nations to be the servant of all. We are big and rich and strong, and therefore our service should be constant and generous. There is no permanent happiness for us as a people unless we go up and down the earth doing good. Our foreordained place is in a League of Nations because God created us to serve.

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VI

THE NECESSITY OF SACRIFICE

CHRISTIANITY is the religion of the cross. The cross is the symbol of sacrifice. Sacrifice is the surrender of one thing for the sake of something else, the giving up of an object in behalf of an object that is higher. In its highest form it is the laying down of life for others. At the center of the Christian religion stands a cross with a dying man hanging on it. He is dying in order to build a better world.

According to the New Testament the crucifixion is a picture of the working out of an eternal principle. Jesus of Nazareth died on the cross in the first century, but the Lamb of God has been slain since the foundation of the world. The suffering on Calvary was not momentary and isolated, it has been going on ever since man has lived on the earth. It is a principle of the divine government that men shall be lifted to higher planes of thought and conduct by suffering. This suffering takes place not only in the lives of men, but also in the heart of God. The Creator of the universe is a suf-

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fering God. In all the afflictions of His children He Himself is afflicted, and His sufferings with and for men are revealed to the world in the death of His Son. This is the central doctrine of the Christian religion.

The idea of self-sacrifice is naturally repellent to a selfish heart. The speculative intellect has always quarrelled with it. To the Greek thinkers of the first century, the cross was foolishness, and so it has been to all minds of the Greek type down to the present hour. To the Jews of Jesus' day, the cross was a stumbling block. They could not see anything glorious in a crucified Messiah. Peter was a representative Jew when at Cæsarea Philippi he cried out in fiery incredulity on Jesus' announcement that He was going to be crucified, "This shall never happen to you, Lord!" Every drop of blood in his body rose up in protest against the monstrous idea. Through nineteen hundred years the Jewish race has been stumbling over the rock of a crucified Messiah.

In the modern mind the doctrine of vicarious suffering has aroused manifold objections. To many it seems incredible that God should save the world through the death of His Son. It is unjust, men say, that an innocent man should die for the guilty, that a holy man should die for the wicked. The cross is offensive because it stands for an idea which cannot be justified—men say—at the bar of reason. To some the cross is even repulsive, and all talk about the blood of Jesus is degrading and revolting. The

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whole idea of sacrifice has been disparaged or repudiated by numerous groups of influential modern thinkers.

A popular interpretation of the doctrine of evolution has fortified the prejudice against the New Testament teaching of the cross. When evolution, years ago, was defined as "a continuous progressive change according to certain laws by means of resident forces," it was at once assumed by superficial thinkers that progress becomes inevitable by the automatic working out of the vital energies which are stored up in the physical and human creations. The unfolding of a race of men is as natural and inevitable as the unfolding of a flower. All the evolutionary processes are certain to be upward, and the necessity for sacrificial effort is done away with. And so we have had a deal of shallow optimism. Men have believed that things were bound to come out all right no matter what they did, and believing this, many of them made no serious effort to keep things from coming out wrong. Progress is a pleasing idea to play with, and for a generation and more, men played with it to their immense satisfaction. The old idea of a race having before it the chance of losing itself was put down among the things called antiquated, and the doctrine of the cross was discarded as a speculation of a school of theologians whose ideas had been outgrown.

For a long time this philosophy seemed adequate. There was no doubt that humanity was

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getting on. All the nations were progressing in the sciences and arts. In every Christian land wealth was accumulating, and evidences of material prosperity were abundant. The comforts of life were yearly multiplied, and enlarging classes of people lived in luxury. Civilization was a favourite theme for orators and essayists, and we spoke of "modern" civilization with an accent that revealed the mounting pride of our heart.

Then all at once something happened. The wagon in which we had packed our treasures began to stall and then to run down hill. The ship in which we had been sailing up a lovely river began to drift down stream. The race of men of whom we had been so proud began to act like barbarians, and the civilization which we had exalted above the civilizations of Greece and Rome began to crumble. Our idea of evolution was seen to be fallacious. There is devolution as well as evolution. There are processes which work downward as well as upward. We can plunge to death as easily as climb to life. Our belief in progress as a god was overthrown. Some of the dull doctrines which we had tossed aside when the sun was shining now shone with a strange light under a sky that was black. We were irresistibly driven to consider the old Christian doctrine of vicarious suffering. The day came when it was clear to us all that if this world was to be saved, its salvation was possible only through sacrifice. We saw with our own eyes that if a step for-

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ward was to be taken, then some men must die for others.

War cannot be carried on a day without continuous and incalculable sacrifice. A soldier is called to live the sacrificial life. He must surrender all the things he holds dearest. First of all he must give up his home, with all of its comforts and every one of its luxuries. He must say good-bye to father and mother, brother and sister, it may be to wife and children. From all whom he loves best he must be separated. He must submit to the dreary monotony of the camp, and to the fatigue of the march. The idea of comfort or ease cannot be in all his thoughts. He must give up his liberty, and permit himself to be ordered from one point to another as though he were an ox or a mule. He must lay down rights which are as precious as life. He must face the guns of the foe. He must run the risk of losing his arms, his legs, his eyes. Day after day he must take this risk. He must stand up daily in the face of awful perils, it may be for long months, and it is not permitted him to run or to hide. He must be willing to lay down his life. War means the laying down of life. There is no war without the shedding of blood. Every soldier who marches to the front goes knowing that he may never come back. Every nation which went into the war went in knowing the awful price which would be exacted. When America declared war we knew we were incurring a debt which would surpass any which we had ever known. We knew that

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tens of thousands, possibly hundreds of thousands, of our boys would come home crippled and maimed. We knew that many thousands would never come back. And yet we went in. Great Britain knew what war meant, and yet she went in. Little Belgium knew what resistance to Germany would cost, and yet she resisted. She was willing to pay the price. So was France. So was Italy. So was Roumania. The nations which came into the war late had the opportunity of measuring in cold blood the size of the sacrifice which would be demanded, but they nevertheless went in. We Americans did not rush in in a frenzy of passion, in a fury of vengeance, we walked in deliberately, knowing what we were walking into, and we walked in with unhesitating step. We were ready to pay the price.

Why? Because it had become evident that the world could not be saved without the shedding of our blood. We had sent silver and gold, munitions and food, but these were not sufficient. It was necessary for us to contribute life. If Belgium and France were to be rescued, then American boys had to die. American parents had to give their sons up. The old idea of vicarious suffering became suddenly modern and real. We learned what it meant in its agony and we also were forced to acknowledge its inevitableness. There was no escape. Many men had endeavoured to prevent the war, and numerous efforts had been put forth to stop it. Rulers and diplomats had tried and failed,

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Socialists and Peace Societies had tried and failed, the Hague Tribunal had in it no power to deliver, the Universities of Europe were all impotent, the educated and cultured classes could devise no way of escape, the Christian Church stood as one paralyzed. There was no power under heaven whereby it was possible for humanity to be redeemed, except the power of sacrifice, sacrifice running through the entire gamut of all possible expression. To save the world it was necessary for millions of women to suffer, and for millions of men to die.

They did not die for themselves. They died for others. They died for us. They died for truth and justice. They died that there might be a better world. Here certainly is a clear demonstration that the principle of sacrifice is embedded in the structure of the world, and that it is the Divine will that the life of mankind shall be lifted to higher levels through the willingness of men to die for others. A professor of Oxford University has told us how deeply impressed he has been by the thought that so many young men whom he had known in the classroom had died for England—had died for him. The idea of sacrifice illustrated in the death of those young men came to the professor with the force of a fresh revelation. Never again will it be easy for any of us to speak lightly of vicarious sacrifice, or to repudiate the Christian doctrine of the cross.

The teaching of the New Testament on the death of Jesus has sometimes been made re-

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pellent by the inadequate forms in which it has been presented. When it is made to seem that God saves the world by inflicting sufferings on His Son, while He Himself holds aloof in the deep abysses of eternal blessedness, the heart is justified in entering a protest. But this is not the teaching of the New Testament. The Christian doctrine is that God the Father suffers in the death of Jesus. God so loved the world that He gave His only Son. His love was so vast that He was willing to pay the price which the death of Jesus cost Him. Certainly the suffering of the Father was not less than the suffering of the Son. The Father suffered in the Son. Who during the last four years have suffered most—parents or their sons? God has a father's heart, and this is sufficient to indicate to us what He suffered in the death of Jesus.

The significance of the cross of Jesus has also been lowered by isolating Jesus from all His brethren. It has often been made to appear that the world is saved by the sufferings of Jesus alone, but there is danger of misconception at this point. The world is indeed saved because on the throne of the universe there is a God whose heart is afflicted in our afflictions, and because that love has been made manifest in the sufferings and death of Jesus on Golgotha, but it does not follow that the world can dispense with the sacrificial sufferings of others. The principle of sacrifice runs through all life. It is a principle of God's life, and also of human life. We are created in God's image, and there-

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fore like Him we suffer. Jesus is our brother, and therefore like Him we are made perfect through the things which we suffer. Paul had a lofty conception of the unique personality of Jesus, but he did not hesitate to write to the Colossians: "I rejoice in my sufferings, and fill up that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ." Many attempts have been made to evade the plain meaning of those words, but why should we want to evade it? Why not accept with gratitude the glorious fact that it is possible for us to fill up that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ? The sufferings of the man Jesus on the cross were surely not able of themselves to bring the race where it is today. Suppose that Paul had not died, nor James nor Peter nor Stephen, nor any one of the hundreds of martyrs who laid down their life for humanity in the first three Christian centuries, would the power of the Roman Empire have been broken? The might of Pagan Rome was shattered not simply by what Jesus suffered in the year 29, but by what all His followers suffered up to the time when the Roman Emperor became a Christian. Thousands of obscure and loyal men and women by proving faithful unto death filled up that which was lacking of the afflictions of Christ. Christ's sufferings were continued in the lives of these disciples. It was by the continuation of His bloody sweat in their agony that the victory was won. Much of our perplexity comes from our shallow conception of Christ. Once grasp the idea that

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we are a part of His body, and it becomes clear that in His sufferings we also must suffer. It is only as men suffer that they enter into the life of Christ, and it is by means of this suffering that the life of mankind is purified and strengthened. There was an early Christian hymn which Paul loved to hum to himself in prison, and which he hummed aloud in the last letter he ever wrote to the dearest of his friends: "If we died with him, we shall also live with him, if we endure we shall also reign with him."

The sufferings of men in the early centuries were not sufficient to save civilization in the twentieth century. Each generation must pay its own bills. Each age must drink of the bitter cup. The men who died in 1914 were not able to break the power of Potsdam, men in 1915 had to fill up what was lacking of the afflictions of the men who suffered the year before. Men in 1916, and still others in 1917, and others still in 1918 had to drink of the cup of which those who had gone before them had partaken. Belgium had suffered much, and so had France, and so had Great Britain, but their sufferings were not sufficient to attain the desired end. It was necessary for our Republic to fill up that which was lacking of the afflictions of our European allies. Our suffering was vicarious. We suffered for others. God said to us: "Are you able to drink of the cup?" and our reply was: "We are able."

If, then, the principle of sacrifice is a principle

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of the divine government, it is operative in times of peace as well as in war. In peace it is often covered up, and men act on the principle of self-indulgence, but when war comes we are at once put to school to learn afresh that the principle of self-sacrifice is the central principle of life. Without a willingness to surrender that which is lower for that which is higher, no progress is possible. Unless men are ready to spend time and money and strength for the things which society needs, those blessings can never be secured. It was only by multitudinous and great sacrifices that the war was at last won. The victories of peace can be obtained only at the same cost. What is the matter with our American cities that they are so shabby and disappointing? It is because there is a lack of the sacrificial spirit. City government is often corrupt and inefficient because the so-called best citizens refuse to take office. Their refusal is due to their unwillingness to sacrifice themselves for the public good. It is surely a sacrifice for any man of sensitive heart to subject himself to the mauling and mud slinging of a political campaign. It means a sacrifice of personal comfort, and often of financial income, for a man to serve his fellow-citizens in office. The sacrifice is too great for the average man to make. But when we entered into the war our best citizens were foremost in their willingness to make sacrifices. Income became of secondary importance and personal convenience and comfort counted for nothing at all. There

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was only one thing worth living for, and that was to win the war. The war is ended, and now the only thing worth living for is to win the peace. Peace is to be won only by continuous and enormous sacrifices. We talk glibly about making the world safe for democracy, but democracy itself is impossible unless the spirit of self-sacrifice abides in the hearts of the people. No other forms of government demand such general and heavy sacrifices as democracy. Unless men in large numbers are willing to surrender money and time and energy and comfort and reputation, we cannot as a republic be saved. It was a sorry spectacle and one which we do well to ponder, the spectacle of one man after another who had sacrificed his financial interests for the good of the nation during the war by giving to the public the very best that was in him, saying openly almost as soon as the armistice had been signed: "I must now hurry back, and give myself, as before the war, to the building of my own fortune." The reason why free government is so often a scandal is because our best citizens call it no disgrace to devote their entire time and strength to the prospering of their own affairs. There never would have been a war had there been in peace the same spirit of self-sacrifice which was manifested all through the war. In every country the average man was content to pursue the even tenor of his way, thinking largely of his own pleasures and ambitions, and giving no heed to the ceaseless schemings of groups of selfish men

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which were to render soon or late a world catastrophe inevitable.

Here then is one of the cardinal lessons of the war—the necessity for great and constant self-sacrifice. In no other way is it possible for humanity to be saved. The way of life is the way of the cross. That is true in war—it is equally true in peace. By the cross we conquer. That is true on the battle-field; it is no less true in the church and in the state. Our soldiers and sailors have been living on the principle of self-sacrifice. They know now what it means. They know how essential it is. They themselves have all made sacrifices, and they know that many of their comrades made sacrifices far greater than theirs. There are many great lessons which no doubt multitudes of soldiers failed to learn in the war, but it is doubtful if a man in the army or navy will come out of the service without having a changed view of the value and beauty of self-sacrifice. Certain parts of religion will to many men remain obscure, but this is a doctrine which every sailor and soldier will understand. He will not only understand it, he will believe it. If he acts on his belief, if he is as ready in peace to lay down his life for others as he was ready in war, who can doubt that we are going to have a better and happier world?

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VII

THE MAJESTY OF THE COMMON MAN

THE last war was the only war which gave every man a chance to show what was in him. It summoned the whole human race to the field of action. In olden times wars were fought by professional soldiers, and the men engaged on the battle-field constituted only a small fraction of the male population. Equipment was light and simple, and to prepare it did not tax the economic resources of a nation. But in the twentieth century war became more than ever before a contest between entire peoples. Soldiers were enlisted by the millions, and other millions of workers were mobilized behind the lines in order to furnish the enormous stock of supplies which was daily demanded.

At first the world's attention was focussed upon the men who bore arms. In every war it is the man who fights who comes at once to the front. Every combatant nation bent all its first energies to the raising of immense armies, and it was upon these that the eyes of the people were fixed. The army and navy were the two giants

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who carried on their broad shoulders the weight of the world.

But it soon became evident that other men are as important as sailors and soldiers. The man who manufactures munitions is as essential as is the man who makes use of them; and so for a season the thought of the world went out toward munition factories. For the first time in history, plain, ordinary workers were eulogized in the headlines of newspapers. The whole world confessed that without these munition workers the war could never be won. The makers of guns and explosives were granted a dignity and honour which had once been granted to kings.

But munitions are not enough. They are indispensable, but not more indispensable than are the means of transportation. Of what value are explosives and guns unless they can be carried where they are needed? The cry went up: "Ships, more ships, still more ships!" If the world was to be saved it would be saved by the builders of ships. And so for weeks we kept our eyes on the shipyards, listening to every stroke of the hammer, praising the mechanics, and encouraging them by assurances that without them the cause of humanity was lost. Munition makers and mechanics were seen to be Atlases on whose mighty shoulders war had rolled the world. But what are ships without coal? Wars in modern times are won by fuel. The coal miner is as indispensable as the general and admiral, and should he fail humanity would

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be doomed. For the first time in history the men who work underground, hidden from human sight, removed from human concern, rose into the limelight, and upon them was fastened the gaze of the world. Leading statesmen spoke eulogies on their industry and patriotism, and editors declared daily that upon the miners depended the outcome of the war.

But of what worth is coal for the engines if there is no fuel for the human body? It is man after all upon whom the whole world is suspended. He is the Titan who works the wonders, and he cannot work them unless he is fed. Food, then, is the prime essential in the winning of a war. Without food neither the sailor nor the soldier, neither the mechanic nor the munition worker, neither the miner nor the forester can exist, and so after all it is the farmer who is the Atlas who carries on his shoulders the huge world-burden. For weeks we were told by the newspapers that it was food which would win the war, and every day the farmer rose higher and higher in the world's esteem and honour. City populations which had not thought of the farmer for years now thought of him daily, and every heart came to feel that without the aid of the man with the hoe the fate of civilization was sealed. This passing round the human circle, bowing now to this group and now to that, placing laurel wreaths on brows which had never before worn them, and lifting obscure men to a renown of which they had never dreamed, was one of the most dramatic inci-

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dents of the war. If one should cull from the files of old newspapers all the various things which we were told would win the war, we should find a list long enough to call for the labour of every class of men and women in the land.

Nor was the language the speech of exaggeration. It was literally true that without the hearty coöperation of all sorts and conditions of men the war could not have been won. We now see as never before that any considerable group of workers, no matter what their occupation, can, if they choose, so handicap a nation in its military operations as to incapacitate it for the successful prosecution of a war. Society has become so complex, and men's lives are so intertwined and inter-related that when any social group refuses to work, the whole fabric of national life is thrown into chaos.

What the war did for men it did also for women. From the start it was apparent that for the winning of the war women were no less indispensable than men. Without the French women what could the French men have done? Without the British women Great Britain would have inevitably succumbed. Without our American women we should have been paralyzed and undone. If victory is to be won by any nation in war, the full strength of its womanhood must be utilized.

Nor is it the women of high social circles alone who are needed. All classes of women are indispensable from the highest down to the

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lowest. There is a demand for the rich, and there is a demand for the poor. Women of distinction can do much, and so also can women who are commonplace and obscure. When the time came to make munitions there was a stream of women constantly moving from the factories and kitchens into the cities where munitions were made. And without the united labours of this great army of women the war could not have been won. Women who had toiled in lowly places and who had often felt that they were of slight value to the world, now thrilled with the thought that they were making a contribution to human history, that they were soldiers fighting for liberty and justice. Their plain, colourless lives were glorified by being dedicated to the forwarding of a noble cause. The soul of a woman was like unto the soul of a man. Like a man she threw herself wholeheartedly into the glorious task of making the world safe for democracy, and like a man she was eager and proud to do her bit. Enthusiasm burned nowhere with a hotter or holier flame than in the hearts of plain and humble women of whom the world had taken no notice. The tremendous importance of unimportant people is one of the facts which the last four years have rendered forever vivid. We were brought to see that every human being has gifts and capacities which are indispensable, and that it is only as every one of us is ready to do his bit that gigantic undertakings can be accomplished.

Personal responsibility was rolled by the war

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on every heart. There was something for everybody to do. It was not necessary to be brilliant or gifted to win a place at the work-table. Each one could use whatever talent had been entrusted to him. Much of the work was prosaic, and prosaic people could do it with efficiency. Without an incalculable amount of prosaic drudgery no war can possibly be won. The Government went from door to door, up and down the land, saying to every man, and also to every woman: What can you do? What can you do best? What have you been trained to do? For tens of thousands it was a new experience, examining oneself to ascertain what one could do best. It quickened many a soul into new life. Men and women arose to higher things. A fresh ambition came, and with the ambition a serene joy. It is a delight to feel that there is a place for us on the earth, and that there is really important work which we can do.

In the war a trumpet call came to the common man, and the common man responded. His response in every land was magnificent. This war will not go down in history as a war of brilliant admirals or generals, it will be renowned forever as the war in which the common man revealed his soul. The wonder of the war is not a general or an admiral, but the common man. He has given the world a revelation of the temper and fiber of the human spirit. He has made us see the shining splendour of the human heart. Some of us in times of peace had become cynical and despondent. We had

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lost our enthusiasm over the common people. We had surrendered some of our faith in human nature. The schools of pessimistic writers have had in recent decades a large following. Many gifted teachers have had a gift for seeing only the dismal. A vast amount of literature was vitiated by the poison of despair. Every day somebody reminded us of the sordidness of human nature and of the decadence of the higher powers of the soul.

It was declared by those who sat in lofty places that our civilization had eaten out our heart, that men brought up in offices no longer possessed the fighting edge. It was alleged by those who made a pretense of knowing that luxury had sapped the strength of all our youth, and that the love of selfish ease had devoured the old heroism which the Romans knew. A fierce indictment was brought against our civilization, and all hope for the future seemed to be built on shifting sand.

Then came the war, and at once millions of men arose to prove that the pessimistic philosophers are wrong, that the cynics who sneer at human nature are stupid, and that the wise men who see everywhere signs of decadence are blind. From the first day of the war to the last we had a continuous revelation of the grandeur of the human soul. It was demonstrated every hour of every day that man is as brave now as he has ever been since his creation. No Greek or Roman of the olden time can teach the man of to-day anything in the book of courage.

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There are no heroes in history who will outflash in glory the heroes of the past four years. Never were soldiers called upon to face such weapons as were our soldiers, but they faced them without quailing. It had been said often that the machinery of slaughter has been made so frightful that human nature would refuse to stand up against it. The men who said that do not understand man. They do not know that he is the child of God, and that in the midst of danger he can be depended on to act like a god. The war has demonstrated that there is no form of virtue on this planet as abundant as courage. It is universal. All nations have it, and they have it apparently to the same degree. The war was not able to show that the Frenchman is less brave than the German, or that the Britisher is less brave than the Frenchman, or that the American is less brave than any of them. In the realm of heroism all the nations went over the top. There was nothing too hazardous for men to face, there was nothing too awful for them to endure. Never before had men been ordered to fight above the clouds. They did it with glee. Never before had men been asked to fight below the surface of the sea. They did it without a tremor. Never before had men been asked to advance against machine guns of such deadly construction, and never before had they been asked to face asphyxiating and poisonous gases, but they marched forward unafraid. Stories of heroism have almost ceased to thrill us—they are so common. Heroes are

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no longer conspicuous—there are so many of them. The brave days which we have seen surpass all the brave days of old. It has been revealed to us that in the soul of the common man there is a spirit which can strike the stars. We know now that under the coat of the plainest man there beats a heart whose pulses can be counted on to overthrow the strongest citadels of evil. Most of the men in all of the armies were made of common stuff. They were just ordinary mortals, called from the office and shop, the factory and the mill, the mine and the farm. No one considered them remarkable. Their own town did not call them great. To themselves they appeared exceedingly commonplace, and commonplace they were. And yet when the hour for action came they awed the world by what they did. There are many weaknesses and vices which come to the front in time of war, and these are likely to catch and hold the eye. We should not allow the vulgarity and vileness of individuals to blot out the glory and majesty of human nature on the whole. What a shining page has been written in human achievement before our eyes! What revelations of the spiritual splendour which is hidden deep in ordinary people! What fortitude, what constancy, what persistency, what unselfishness, what nobility, what endurance, what loyalty, what devotion, what dauntlessness, what magnificent forth-puttings of the intrepid human spirit! And above all else what cheerfulness, what good humour, what a genius for smiling

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along roads which were fearful, what unconquerable powers of hope, what inexhaustible stores of energy and determination! It was not a man here or there who showed these shining traits—they were common. Heroes did not appear as single spies—they rushed across the world in battalions. They romped over the fields of blood! They laughed at death! "Killed in action"—those are the three words written over tens of thousands of graves. They are the graves of just common soldiers. Standing by these graves we involuntarily exclaim:

"What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!"

It is this demonstrated worth and majesty of the common man which is going to lead to a reconstruction of the world. We can never go back to the world as it was before the war. Many of the old things have passed away and they will never more return. Classes which were once ignored or disparaged have a new sense of their dignity and importance. During the war they were told that they were essential to the life of the world, and they will now believe that they are essential to the life of the world in the days of peace. In war time their labour was appreciated and exalted. In peace they will expect equal recognition and reward. A new consciousness of human dignity has come into existence, and with this we must reckon

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through all coming years. When the nations were fighting, the world kept ringing with beautiful words about liberty and justice, and political leaders grew eloquent on the rights of the weak. Those words are not likely to be forgotten. The working classes were not neglected in the war, and they will refuse to be neglected now. Labour will never again consent to fill the place assigned it before 1914. Wage workers will demand a fuller and freer life. The common man has a mind, a heart, and a soul. His mind must be cultivated, his heart must be fed, his soul must have a chance to grow. These are his rights. He has contributed to the saving of civilization and now civilization must do something additional for him. His innate gifts are splendid, his capacity for achievement is amazing. He has proved himself a loyal and efficient son of our Republic, and he must now be given a higher place at the banquet table.

In the days of reconstruction there will be many incidents to chill our hearts. A new-born sense of importance is likely to show itself in unlovely ways. Individuals and groups will become bumptious and domineering. There will be many a display of selfishness and sordid greed. Common men as well as uncommon men have many exasperating characteristics, and the crowd is as capable of folly as are the anointed few. Thousands of men, petted and pampered through the war, will have extravagant expectations, and will exhibit all the ugly

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ways of a child that has been spoiled. Men who have been noble on the field of battle will in some instances disappoint us. Soldiers and sailors when they return to civil life do not in every case prove as noble in peace as they were in war. But none of these unsavoury revelations should daunt us, because we know that the heart of the common man is sound. We trusted him in the hour of the world's supreme crisis, and he did not disappoint us. He is not going to disappoint us now. The common man is courageous. He will overcome all the obstacles he meets on the upward way. He is naturally magnanimous. His soul is great. In dark moods he is ugly and unreasonable, but when he comes to himself, he loves the thing that is fair. He is persistent and patient. He will bear heavy burdens without fainting. He is loyal and devoted, and we can count on him to the end. He is a son of the Most High, and a brother of Jesus Christ; we must deal with him justly and respect him as a fellow-member of the household of God.

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VIII

THE CONQUERING STRENGTH OF COMRADESHIP

IN a famous religious song written many centuries ago, it is said that one shall chase a thousand, and that two shall put ten thousand to flight. Thus early in human history was there discovered the miracle-working power in the bringing of men together for the performance of a common task. The mathematics which is valid in the realm of matter is left behind us when we cross over into the kingdom of the personal. Ten spikes may be ten times more efficacious than one spike, and ten ropes may sustain a weight ten times greater than that which can be supported by one rope, and ten horses may pull a load ten times as heavy as can be drawn by one horse, but ten men working together will do far more than ten times what one man can do alone. The reason is that when men come together for the performance of a common work, they establish points of contact with one another which set free latent forces of the soul. Each man is no longer what he was, he is raised to a higher

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power. By linking his strength into the strength of other men, a new strength is imparted to him, and he can do many times more than he can do when not energized by contact with others.

War has a genius for massing men. An army is a multitude of men massed. The isolated individual avails little in war. In the day of battle the free lance counts for nothing. From the beginning until now war has always organized men into units. It subjects these units to a common discipline, and trains them in the art of acting together. It furnishes the world with amazing revelations of the potencies which lie wrapped up in the principle of coöperation. It brings out of the experience of fellowship treasures new and old. In war, men by necessity are made comrades. In many cases they become friends. But friendship is not a necessary product of military life. Friendship is a close and intimate relationship of hearts which may not exist even though men may serve for years on the same battle-ship, or drill through many seasons in the same armoury or camp. But war compels men to be comrades. It does not permit them to remain simply companions. A companion goes with us only a little way, and his relationship to us is casual and transient. We are companions of those who take a walk with us, and of those with whom we fall in on a summer excursion. Men become comrades only when they are more or less permanently associated in a common pursuit. Those who

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work by our side in the forwarding of a great cause are our comrades. They are more than companions and less than friends. They are allies, associates whose lives are linked with ours for the attainment of a desired end. The best word in our language for the expression of this relationship is comradeship. All the men in army or navy are properly known as "comrades in arms."

War is peculiar in that it brings men together in vast numbers and from all social classes. In war, men meet who have never met before, and who would never have met had they lived on the earth a thousand years. They meet not from chance, but by the command of the Government. They not only meet, but their lives are organized into one bundle of life. In the army there is no place for a hermit. Isolation is an impossibility. Soldiers must eat and sleep with men who are at first strangers. They must keep step with men with whom in time of peace they would be unwilling to walk through a street. All kinds of men are brought together, the good and the bad, the disreputable and the honourable, the ignorant and the learned, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the wise and the foolish, the noble and the mean. All these are caught in the governmental net and compelled to be comrades.

In war the distinctions which ordinarily separate one man from another are ignored and fade out. Occupational distinctions no longer exist. Men from the factory and office, from the mill

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and the shop, from the school and the farm, all eat in the same mess-shack, and are obedient to the same rules. The distinctions between actors and writers, lawyers and grocers, artists and artisans, teachers and day labourers, are completely lost sight of, and men whom civil life could never have made associates, now live together as members of one big family. They have ceased to do things which separate them, and are doing only the things which unite them.

Even the social distinctions grow misty and pale. Men no longer ask: "Is he rich?" or "Is he poor?" for all carry the same kind of gun, wear the same style of clothes, and eat out of the same sort of dishes. No one asks: "Has he a diploma?" or "How many years did he go to school?" for in war the question is not how much a man knows of books, but how much can he do against the foe? In the days of peace a man may be content to know things, but at the battle front he must do things. Men who were not comrades in study become comrades in action. On the battle-field the crown goes not to the man who knows, but to the man who achieves.

Religious distinctions are also partially or completely blotted out. The general never asks whether a soldier is a Methodist or Baptist. The colonel is indifferent whether his men are Catholics or Protestants. The captain does not concern himself about the religious convictions of his Jewish lieutenant. There is no time in war for the exploitation of distinctions which

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are often magnified in the leisurely days of peace. An army is made of fighting men, and the supreme question is not, after what manner do they pray? but are they capable of defeating the foe? They are not comrades in religion, but comrades in life.

The blotting out of religious distinctions was one of the outstanding features of the war. All the Protestant denominations melted at once into one body, and Catholics and Protestants marched side by side. No one in Protestant England was concerned about the religion of the Belgians, and no Protestant of the United States hesitated to assist Catholic France. Even the Mohammedans forgot their antipathy to Christians, and became their comrades in contending for the rights of mankind. The Buddhists and Shintoists of Japan did not draw back in the hour of peril because their religious convictions differed from those of the men in the West. Religious labels and tags were burned up in the furnace of war, and men, long separated, lived and worked together like brothers. They were comrades in arms.

The results of this comradeship are among the great gains of the war. All through the war the magic working power of fellowship was daily experienced. Courage rose to unprecedented heights, because men were inspired and glorified by their fellows. When men act together they can achieve what is absolutely beyond human strength when it is attempted by individual effort. When we work alone we

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often fall the victims of despondency. By working together we feed one another's hearts. Many a soldier was amazed at his own courage, not realizing that he drank it in from the hearts of his comrades. The spirit of rejoicing which was so common even in days of midnight and eclipse was due to the touching of multitudes of hearts. When we think and feel and work together it is impossible to despair. We belong to one another, and when the barriers are broken down and our hearts flow together, the life of God has free course in us.

Many a soldier is aware that the chief blessing which came to him in the war is his enlarged knowledge of human nature, and his increased respect for his fellow-men. Before the war he was narrow, and did not realize how narrow he was. He had lived in his own contracted world, content to allow other men to live in theirs, and living thus aloof from them, false notions had grown up in his heart. Against many classes perhaps he was prejudiced. To many groups he entertained ungenerous feelings. His standards were high, and he made no allowances. He drew the lines straight, and they could not be bent. He was stiff as well as narrow, and hard as well as stiff. The war has given him a more genial estimate of his fellows. It has enlarged his conception of the breadth of mankind. He has seen that there is good in every man—even in the most unpromising. He has discovered that every man can do something even though there are many things he cannot do.

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He has found his sympathies growing wider. He is less of an aristocrat. Although living in a democracy, many Americans are not democratic. Thousands of them are aristocratic in their temper, even autocratic in their ways. Citizens of America, they nevertheless have the disposition of a Czar. The war has been a teacher of democracy. It has compelled the snobbish to get down off their stilts and walk along dusty roads with common men. It has enabled them to see what human nature really is. They are surprised to find that it is so fine. They are astonished that there is so much good sense and so much noble feeling in the world. They had no idea that men upon whom they had from childhood looked down with mild contempt are capable of such splendid conduct. They did not expect to find such lovely and solid character in men of religious faiths so different from their own. All this is gold, and it will remain.

Comradeship is a means of grace. It should be listed among the sacraments appointed by the Almighty for our salvation. Touching elbows is a source not only of power but of joy. Getting acquainted with one another is one of the first steps toward the millennium. The reason why labour and capital are so suspicious, afraid and bitter is because the sacrament of comradeship has been neglected. Men cannot hate one another when they know one another. To know one another they must enlist in a common cause. So long as employers and em-

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ployees live apart, the tragedy of the industrial world will go on. The man who is most needed at the present hour is the man who can proclaim in tones which will reach the hearts of Capital and Labour the gospel of the conquering strength of comradeship. War has taught us what coöperation can do when applied in the realm of international problems; it now remains for us to apply it in every one of the kingdoms of the world's life.

Comradeship is possible at different levels, and at every level it has a blessing to bestow. The fellowship may be largely physical, but even at this low level it is not without transforming power. Just the physical companionship of men marching along dangerous roads in a dark night has in it immeasurable consolation. But companionship becomes increasingly satisfying in proportion to the extent to which men share in one another's mental life. Men who think the same things, and are interested in the same things, and take delight in the same things, are comrades in a higher and more rewarding way. All the men in a division were comrades, but in this great mass of comradeship there were groups of men who were comrades in a more distinctive sense. They were drawn together by intellectual or æsthetic appetites, and they came all the closer together because of the loneliness and desolation of war. Some came so close together they became friends.

But comradeship reaches a still higher level when men come together in allegiance to a com-

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mon moral ideal, and are inspired by a common religious hope. In every regiment there were souls with keen spiritual vision—hearts that were attuned to the music which the apostles knew. They used and understood the same language, and no matter how far apart they were in ability or culture, they were at one. There is a fellowship of the spirit, a comradeship of the soul, and the war gave many a man the opportunity to find out how precious and divine this is.

Music is the language by which we express the reality of our comradeship. We sing together, because we think and feel together. Music is the spontaneous language of the heart. Soldiers in Y. M. C. A. huts spent entire evenings in singing rag-time songs. They did this because they were not only comrades in arms but also comrades in the human instincts and hungers. Music brought them still closer together, and expressed what every one of them, more or less deeply, felt. We are patriots, and because we are patriots we cannot keep from singing. We are comrades in our devotion to our Republic, and therefore we become comrades in song. When an audience sings: "My country, 'tis of thee," we join our voices. We naturally keep step with our comrades. Our national hymn is an expression of fellowship, and when we sing it we have a deepened sense of belonging together. Thousands of American boys had often sung the hymn at home, but when they sang it in France its words took on

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new meanings. They were now comrades in arms, and being comrades in arms, they could become in a new way comrades in song. One man can sing alone, but his song is pallid and thin. It is when thousands of men sing together that we are surest that music is the gift of heaven.

We Christians are comrades of Jesus, and therefore comrades of one another. We are the allies of Jesus, and are linked together for the purpose of forwarding His plans and ideals. All Christians belong together in a deep and mystic way, and it is because we are related that we find solemn joy in Christian song. At home in days of peace, men did not realize the strength and glory of this comradeship. Because the way was smooth men felt capable of walking alone. But soldiers on battle-fields far from home, and sailors on battle-ships tossed by mad seas in bleak nights, came to know the healing strength of comradeship, and drank in abundant life from the old songs. The papers have again and again reported to us how sailors and soldiers became comrades in song. A chaplain with a lonely heart was cheered by a sentry singing. The sentry on duty on dead man's curve kept humming to himself: "Rock of ages, cleft for me," and when asked why he was singing, his reply was that singing the old hymns seemed like home. They brought back to him the Sunday evenings when he and his sisters sang these hymns around the piano, with their father and mother. Men who manage ships on

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tempestuous nights need the sustaining power of song. In one of the fiercest of the nights two companies of American gunners on a transport, passing through a submarine zone, heartened one another by singing: "Jesus, Saviour, pilot me, over life's tempestuous sea." In this song they bound their souls closer to one another, and also closer to the soul of the Son of God.

An American Bishop has told us that when a regiment of the Scottish guards which had been in service for three years, and which was about to start again for the front to engage in a battle which, as events proved, was to be for two-thirds of them the last, when asked what hymn they desired to sing, began at once:

> "O God, our help in ages past,
> Our hope for years to come,
> Our shelter from the stormy blast
> And our eternal home."

Comrades in arms become still more courageous when they are also comrades in religious conviction and hope.

The lessons in naval and military comradeship which have been taught us by the war suggest those larger lessons of spiritual comradeship which humanity has still to learn. We are not intended to live and work alone. Isolation is weakness, decay and death. The man who holds aloof from his fellows is impotent. No man lives to himself, and no man dies to him-

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self. In life and also in death we belong to one another, because we first of all belong to God.

The Founder of our religion is insistent on the necessity of our living and working together. He would not allow His disciples to go out one by one. He sent them forth two and two. Two men working together will accomplish many times more than they both can achieve if each works by himself. If still a third is added, and then a fourth, the outcome is immeasurably greater. What is true of our work among men is likewise true of our work with God. Two men praying together will open the heavens wider than both men can open them if each man prays by himself. Jesus promised a peculiar measure of divine power when men in prayer are agreed, and wherever even a few come together to carry on His work, He is present in a way in which He cannot be present with a soul which abides alone. We were created to be comrades all the way to the shining gates and beyond. War has simply taken the doctrine of comradeship and unrolled it before our eyes that we might see how beautiful it is, and how indispensable also, to the saving of the world.

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IX

THE OPEN ROAD TO CHRISTIAN UNITY

THROUGH more than a generation there has been an increasing sensitiveness to the misfortune of a divided Church. Enlarging groups of Christian men on both sides of the Atlantic have come to feel that the divisions of organized Christianity are the most serious of all our handicaps, and constitute a scandal which must at any cost be removed. The existence of competing groups of Christian workers within the same field gives rise to rivalries and jealousies, and sometimes enmities which eat out the very fiber of the Christian spirit. Even when the rivalry does not stir up bitterness there is a loss in efficiency and driving power which causes all lovers of the Christian cause to mourn. The wastefulness of time and money and energy under our present system has forced itself more and more upon the attention of all thoughtful observers. Nowhere has the folly of our schisms been forced upon the conscience with such power as upon the foreign field. When Christian leaders are brought face to face with the gigantic problems presented by a non-Christian continent, they feel most keenly

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the tragedy of a divided Church, and long with a great longing for harmonious and united action. The schism between the Greek and Roman Churches has worked disaster through many a dreary century. The age-long conflict between the Papacy and Anglicanism, and between the Papacy and the Lutheran Churches, has been the fountain of immeasurable loss and distress. The constant and often bitter clashing of Anglican with Non-Conformist Churches has been one of the most shameful scandals of the last three hundred years. A Church torn asunder by unbrotherly feelings repels by its own folly the hearts it might otherwise win. The multiplication of denominations in the United States has excited the surprise, if not the derision, of a considerable part of the civilized world. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that in the mature judgment of many, the problem of church union has become the most critical and urgent of all current problems, and that without a closer coördination of our Christian forces, the Christian conquest of modern civilization becomes an evident and mocking impossibility.

If Christendom is to-day lamentably divided, it is not because earnest men in large numbers have not made honest efforts to heal these divisions. The chapter of Christian history which the workers for church union have written is as pathetic as it is noble. Great loving hearts have put forth their utmost efforts to bridge the chasms and burn the barriers away. Christian

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leaders baptized into the spirit of conciliation, have again and again extended welcoming hands and have devised numberless and promising schemes for the reunion of our separated communions. Commissions of learned and holy men have worked with fidelity and enthusiasm for the obliteration of ancient prejudices, and the union of hearts and hands. But almost all such efforts have up to the present been disappointing. Until the beginning of the war in 1914, Roman Catholics and Lutherans and Anglicans seemed to be as far apart as ever. The Anglicans and Non-Conformists, with conspicuous and beautiful exceptions, looked at one another with hopeless eyes across an abyss which they were powerless to bridge. The denominations in our own country, while advancing year by year in comity and courtesy, had as yet inaugurated no wide scheme for concerted action, and the success in bringing together even bodies of the same general church family had been halting and partial. These attempts at union had for the most part begun with a consideration of creedal statement or of form of ecclesiastical procedure. Men felt that to come together it is necessary to find a common ground of agreement, and this agreement was sought in definition of Christian belief, or in established form of administration and worship. The question always was—What must each side give up? What price must each side pay for this proposed union? In most cases the price seemed so great that the enterprise was ultimately abandoned.

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It is not easy for men in cold blood to sit down around a table and subscribe to the surrender of treasures which they and their brethren hold dear. Christians who have all their life entertained one view of clerical orders, will not lightly exchange that view for another in order to secure a wider concert of action. Men who love the phrases of a creed which has grown holy because spoken by the lips of so many generations of Christian believers, will not readily surrender that creed in the alleged interests of a fuller Christian fraternity. This then was what Christian leaders were doing at the beginning of 1914—they were discussing questions of faith and order. They were talking about the creeds and the sacraments, and especially about the historic Episcopate. They did not get on very fast, and many a zealous champion of church union had become disillusioned and despondent. Christendom seemed hopelessly divided, and in no direction could one see certain evidences of that unity for which so many hearts were praying.

And then in the twinkling of an eye, the war came. "Get together!" it shouted like an angel from the court of heaven. "Get together, or you are lost," it spoke in tones of thunder, and everywhere men instantly obeyed. Hostile political groups came together. They did it in Russia, Germany, France, Belgium, Great Britain. They did it as if by magic. They did it with a swiftness which was incredible. Nothing like it had ever been witnessed

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in the history of the world. Political partisanship, one of the fiercest of all human flames, died down, and political opponents who had for years fought one another day and night with a fury that knew no batement, now worked together like comrades and friends. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law, riding together in the same carriage through the streets of London, was a picture of a psychical miracle that had been wrought throughout the world. Men had learned in a day how to come together. In a day bottomless chasms had been bridged and insurmountable barriers had been beaten down.

Through every belligerent country there was a unity of feeling which caused men to marvel. The unity of feeling led to a unity of action, and the unity of action later on led to a unity of organization. But all this unity sprang from the impulse which had been imparted by the presence of a common task. An enormous weight fell upon the heart driving the heart in on itself, compelling the heart to live in its deepest depths, and living thus, men found themselves possessed of a common conscience, ready to act in a common cause. Social and individual interests dropped at once out of consideration. Personal prejudices and preferences were burned up like chaff in a fire. Inconsequential questions ceased to have an interest. The hour of judgment had come, and men thought only of the things which are supreme. Thinking of these, they came naturally and inevitably together. The different political parties in Bel-

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gium did not feel they were false to their past or themselves, when they came together to form a cabinet for the saving of Belgium. The French political parties did not feel self-dishonoured when they joined hands in defense of France. No Britisher felt that he was less loyal to the things which all Britishers hold dear, when he consented to work side by side with men of different political connections. Union politically came first through a common peril. It was danger that fused all hearts into a glowing mass. When hearts are one their action becomes unified. It was because men felt alike that they were glad to work together, and when they found themselves working together, they began to devise new forms of machinery through which their united purpose could be most surely achieved.

The transformation which took place in the political world took place also in the religious world. Here also men no longer thought of their differences. They had been overtaken by a common danger, they were now subjected to the pressure of a common task, and being thus pressed together, they lost interest in all things that are superficial and thought only of the things that are of supreme concern. Feeling together they did not hesitate to act together. Men and women of all religious faiths joined hands to carry on the work of the Red Cross. They did it at the front, they did it behind the lines. They did it abroad, they did it at home. Every Red Cross corps was an illustration of

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religious unity. Nobody cared whether a worker was a Catholic or a Protestant, a Baptist or an Episcopalian. There are times when distinctions like that do not count. When humanity is torn and bleeding, one cannot stop to inquire concerning the religious creed of the persons who are offering to bind up the wounds. When boys are wounded and nigh unto death, they are not interested in the ecclesiastical affiliations of the man who can tell them about God. Catholic boys got comfort from Protestant pastors, and Protestant boys were strengthened by what Roman Catholic priests had to give. Protestant and Catholic chaplains worked side by side like brothers. They recognized often to their surprise how much alike they were. Transubstantiation and Papal infallibility did not keep them apart. The Protestant did not feel that he was false to his own religion when he was seen in public working with a Catholic priest, nor did a priest feel that he was becoming a Protestant when he assisted a Presbyterian or a Baptist in doing his work. Even the crucifix and the rosary ceased to be counted dangerous. Protestant pastors were happy to secure a rosary for a boy who wanted one. They held the crucifix before the dying eyes of a boy who could be helped by it. It is only in time of peace that we make a great ado about the forms of worship. When God compels us to live at our highest and to think only of the things which are supreme, we sweep out of the way all the prejudices and bigotries, and become

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simple-hearted servants of Christ. Here and there throughout the war there was a priest who was a Catholic first and a Christian second, but his behaviour when seen in the glare of the fierce light which beat upon him looked so hideous that it made an impression which will never fade out. When a Protestant clergyman allowed his own denominational peculiarities to come to the front, he became at once odious to every sensible man who came near him. Men who are fighting for the great things of life have no patience with pedants or bigots, they are at home only with men whose souls are magnanimous and high. In the fiery furnace of war thousands of Catholics and thousands of Protestants showed themselves to be genuine and shining servants of God. Soldiers have seen things which they cannot forget, ugly things, exhibitions of bigotry which they will now hate more than ever, lovely things, exhibitions of breadth and charity which they will now love with a love never to be extinguished.

The war then, from beginning to end, worked steadily in the direction of a fuller measure of Christian unity. Protestant Americans cannot weep over the sufferings of Catholic Belgians without thinking more kindly of all Catholics, and Belgian Catholics cannot receive the benefactions of American Protestants without having a more friendly attitude to all Protestants everywhere. Boys of twenty different denominations, fighting in the same regiment for the same great cause, can never consider the differ-

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ences of those twenty denominations as vitally significant. The man who attempts to kindle their zeal in any one body of Christians as the only body which merits the favour of Christ, is sure to speak to ears that will not hear. Many of the old prejudices and alienations have gone up in smoke in the war, and we are all closer together than we have ever been before. This does not mean that we have changed our creed, or substituted a new form of worship for the old. We are nearer together in feeling, in sympathy and in our attitude to the things which are really great. The war has trained us to think more about the things on which we are all agreed.

It has also given us new hints of possibilities of church union. By church union has often been meant church uniformity. Men have supposed that if Churches ever came together they must of necessity become all alike, adopting the same forms of worship, and ordering their life after the same discipline. But the war has made clear that unity is attainable without uniformity. We can have unity of spirit in the midst of a wide variety of forms. The unity of the British Empire as that unity was displayed in the progress of the war was one of the shining spiritual phenomena of the whole vast drama. Not only were Scotland and England and Wales really one, but Canada also was one with them, and so also was Australia, and likewise New Zealand, and still more wonderful so also were South Africa, and likewise Egypt, and India too. These different domains of the British

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Empire are far apart in tradition, temper, habit, and also in form of government, but when the great crisis came, they all acted as one. They did not act under political compulsion, they acted under the impulse of a common conscience. It was no central government which decreed they should fight. Canada took up arms of her own volition, and so did all the rest. The Parliament in London has no authority to compel New Zealand or Australia to do what it does not want to do. But when Germany lifted her sword against the world, then all the colonies and dependencies of the British Empire wanted to do one and the same thing. Unity of action is therefore possible without unity of organization. Unity of machinery is not essential in the attainment of great ends. The one thing indispensable is unity of spirit. That unity of spirit Great Britain possessed. Without it she would have been lost.

But there was a larger unity more wonderful yet—the unity of the Allies. Here there was no unity at the start of any sort. Where will you find nations farther apart than Russia and England, of Serbia and Belgium, of France and Japan? Moreover, you cannot make them alike, either in history or language, in temper or custom, in method or program, in precedent or ideal. To the end of the chapter the Russians will be Russians, France will be France, Italy will be Italy, Belgium will be Belgium, and England will be England. Uniformity is impossible. A common government is unthinkable. And

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yet through trying years the Allies were progressively and unconquerably one. We ourselves at last went into the war, and we did not disturb the unity, we intensified it and enlarged it. We made the Allies still more united. We surrendered nothing that is an essential part of our American inheritance. We brought down none of our ideals, we gave up none of our liberties, but in the great war we were one with Great Britain and France and Belgium and Serbia and Italy and Japan. Our form of government is different from that of all the others, our traditions are different and our ideals are different. But nevertheless we were united with all those who fought with us, and the unity was all the more impressive and effective because there was no uniformity of government, and no common machinery to crush out the freedom of our action. There is such a thing as unity of spirit, and we kept that unity in the bonds of peace. We thought kindly of our allies, and we spoke generously and praisefully about them, and we helped them in every way we could. We differed from them in a thousand ways, we gave up nothing which is essential to the integrity of our American life, and yet we were one, gloriously, unconquerably, triumphantly one. The supposed necessity of uniformity in order to secure a unity which is efficient is only a dream of the fancy and ought to be banished from the world's mind. All bodies of Christians can be genuinely and effectively one, and at the same time no one of

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these bodies need give up anything which is essential for the development and expression of its richest Christian life.

It is an interesting fact that John in his Gospel says nothing of the Lord's Supper. Instead of telling us about the Bread and the Wine, he tells us of the sacrament of the Basin and Towel. After brooding over the words and deeds of Jesus through more than a half century, it was the sacrament of the Basin and the Towel which assumed the central place in John's mind. That was the sacrament which remained vivid and divine after the lapse of fifty years. In the basin and the towel John saw the Eternal principle to which Christ summons mankind. It is the principle of service. The sacrament of the Basin and the Towel is the uniting sacrament. It is in this sacrament that all Christians will some day come together. It is a common task which will deliver us from our divisions and make us forever one. The war has pointed out the way. Christians have never been so close together since the days of the Reformation as they were when in the years of war they found themselves bathing the bleeding feet of a world that had lost its way.

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X

THE POTENCY OF WORDS

THE war has been called a war of munitions. So it was. Never before were munitions used in such vast quantities or with such terrific effect. But it was also a war of words. There were as many words used as bullets, as many phrases as shells. The war could never have been won without chemical explosives, nor could it have been won without words. A poet wrote:

> "We have put the pen away
> And the sword is out to-day."

But he did not know what he was saying.

It has been demonstrated on a vast scale to our generation that words are forces, the mightiest known to man. They accomplish results obtainable by no chemical combinations, they work miracles beyond the reach of any energies which the physicist controls. T. N. T. is mighty, but human speech is mightier still. The New Testament gives us a picture of a commander conquering the world by a sword which he carries in his mouth. The men who carried the sword in their mouth coöperated

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with the men who carried the sword in their hand, and these two armies of warriors won the victory of November 11, 1918.

There was much at the beginning of the war to undermine our confidence in the worth and efficacy of words. The advent of the war seemed to prove that words, however numerous and eloquent, can avail nothing in a world like this. Had not men been talking peace for an entire generation? Had there not been Hague Conferences, and Peace Conventions, and volumes without number extolling the beauty of peace? Had not orators in every country, in the presence of applauding audiences, said thrilling and persuasive things about fraternity and good will, and had not delegations of influential leaders gone from one country to another, setting forth in glowing periods the reasons why nations should learn war no more? The world had been deluged with peace talk, even more than forty days and forty nights, and many good people had by their words convinced themselves that war could be no more. And then, right in the midst of the speaking, like an intruder from hell, came the biggest and blackest of all the wars, saying: "You cry peace, peace, but there shall be no peace!"

The war opened with a bold declaration on the part of Germany of the emptiness and feebleness of words. Idealists had loved to think of language as possessing binding power. It had become an adage that a man's word might be as good as his bond. There had grown up a

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belief that words written down on parchment declaring the promises of a nation are sacred, and that upon such words humanity can build without misgiving. But a high German official spoke of treaties as scraps of paper, and the whole world stood aghast at the discovery that words after all are flimsy and futile things. In that hour of darkness we felt that one of the eternal foundations had slipped out from under us, and earth's base seemed to be built on stubble.

But in the depths of our bewilderment, we still clung tenaciously to our belief in the potency of words. All the nations testified at once to their reliance on words by presenting to the world documents narrating the events which led up to the war. No nation was willing to forego the privilege of presenting its case, and its case had to be set forth in words. The war opened with a battle of the books. One book confirmed or supplemented or contradicted another, and we all found ourselves working diligently with words. War after all is a venture of the reason, and every nation engaged in it had to furnish reasons why it had acted as it did. To do this was necessary to secure the moral support of the world. This moral support is one of those "Imponderables" which Bismarck stood in awe of. But moral support could be won only by the use of words. The war called for the sword, and at the same instant it called for the pen. Pen and sword must work together.

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The pen was indispensable not simply for conquering the opinion of neutral nations, but also for fortifying each nation's own heart. Wars are fought by men, and in the twentieth century men will not fight with all their strength unless they know for what they are fighting. The aims of the war have to be set before them to secure their hearty obedience to governmental command. It was not always so. In the olden days when men like Tiglath-Pileser and Ramses II fought, or when men like Alexander or Genghis Khan commanded men to do their will, it was not necessary to explain the reasons for the campaign, or to feed the conscience or stimulate the will by arguments of tongue or pen. But those days have gone. The world is inhabited by free peoples, and men are no longer willing to be driven like dumb cattle to the field of carnage. To get them there and keep them there they must be fed not only with material food, but with food which the soul can live on. In proportion to a nation's rank in civilization, it is necessary for soldiers to be supplied constantly with words. It is by words that the morale of the army is maintained, and by words is a nation's heart kept from fainting.

The swiftness with which all the belligerent nations proceeded to establish departments of public information was a revelation of the change which has come over the world. Attila needed no bureau of information, nor did even Napoleon. But in the twentieth century every government knew that to secure an enduring

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obedience it was necessary that sailors and soldiers be instructed, and that the entire population should be kept informed as to the ends which were aimed at in the great struggle. This was best known to the governments of Great Britain and the United States, and in both these countries constant and eager attention was paid to the work of setting forth the moral aims of the war. Fully equipped bureaus of propaganda were established, staffs of writers and speakers were organized, the universities and the churches also were mobilized in the great work of increasing the volume of the national conscience by means of words. Every man who could use either the tongue or the pen was laid hold of, and his services were of equal value with those of the military or naval commander. Public opinion is after all the sovereign of the world, and public opinion to be kept sound must be nourished on words that are wholesome. False words are more dangerous than bullets, poisoned words are more deadly than asphyxiating gases. An army can be paralyzed by a traitorous pamphlet, a whole nation can be overcome by a mixture of fallacious ideas. In time of war everything that is said becomes worthy of official attention. Governments watch with sleepless vigilance the things which come out of men's mouths, for it is the things which come out of the mouth that have in them the powers of life and death. Words are flakes of fire, and can start vast conflagrations. Words have in them immeasurable

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magic, and the magic can kill or make alive. Governments henceforth must mobilize their masters of words no less efficiently than they mobilize the masters of howitzers and ships. Great Britain could not have conquered without her generals and admirals, nor could she have triumphed without men like Lord Northcliffe and Arnold Bennett. Directors of propaganda are as important as leaders of armies, and when the complete story of the war is written, there will be no more interesting chapter than the one in which is told what men achieved by the tongue and the pen. More than any other war ever waged since time began, this war was pre-eminently a war of words. It is absolutely impossible in the world as it now is for any nation to win a war by physical weapons alone. Important things are done in the laboratory of the chemist, but the highest and most subtle things are prepared in the laboratory of the mind of the man whose weapons are words.

Even Germany won her greatest military successes not by her army but by her propaganda. Her army was the most perfect machine which human genius had yet brought forth, but her army was finally baffled in every field in which it put forth its power. Germany won only two smashing victories in the war, one over Russia, and one over Italy, and both of these victories were won not by bayonets or sabers, but by a dexterous use of words. With her howitzers and gases, Germany made no permanent inroads on the strength of Russia. She killed

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many Russians, but she did not conquer Russia. It was not until she sent agents throughout the Russian army, supplied with mischievous combinations of words, that the power of Russia began to crumble. Germans by means of whispers accomplished what Germans with machine-guns could not achieve. Simply by the skillful manipulation of language, by twisting syllables into plausible arguments, by holding up the light of deceptive phrases, Germany caused the Russian Colossus to come crashing to the ground. It was one of the greatest victories of the war, and it was won almost entirely by words.

The only other German victory comparable with that over the Russians was the crushing defeat of the army of Cadorna when his troops were hurled back bleeding and broken to the gates of Venice. That was the most unexpected and spectacular disaster of the war. To the outside world it seemed inexplicable. Every explanation which was offered was tossed aside by an indignant public as inadequate. When the facts were at last uncovered, the world saw again an amazing revelation of the omnipotence of words. It was not guns or explosives which blew the Italian hosts out of Austria, it was the words of sly and lying men. Germany by her insidious and deadly propaganda ate out the fiber of Italian loyalty, and left the Italians limp and helpless in the clutches of their foes.

All through the war, Germany made most diligent use of the tongue and the pen. Her

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bureau of propaganda worked day and night, and its labours extended to the ends of the earth. Unable to deceive long the people of other countries, she succeeded in deluding her own people almost to the end. In order to feed the fires in the hearts of her soldiers, she made use of every man in her University Faculties who could in any way make the German cause seem righteous. German soldiers like all other soldiers of our day cannot fight victoriously unless they feel they are fighting for the right. To perpetuate the delusion that Germany had been attacked, and was fighting only in self-defense, Germany made use of every instrument within her control. She did not succeed even for an hour in fooling the outside world, nor did she succeed to the end in fooling her own people. Little by little the truth from the outside leaked in. One by one, prominent Germans themselves admitted that Germany was in the wrong. Pamphlets and leaflets narrating the facts were dropped by the millions over the fields of Germany, and the result of this propaganda was the progressive undoing of the German soul. Thrice is he armed who has his quarrel just, and when soldiers begin to doubt the righteousness of their cause, the genius of the General Staff is not sufficient to ward off the day of disaster. The keenest eyed of the Germans early saw that against the words of their enemies it would not be possible for them to prevail. One of them frankly confessed in a communication to a leading German paper that

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the department of propaganda conducted by the British government was weightier than the British fleet, and more dangerous than the British army.

What do you think was the most thrilling spectacle presented by the war? Different persons will give different answers. To one, there was nothing more wonderful than the action of the submarine. That a little devil of a boat should be able to emerge at will from the sea, look around about it through its uncanny eye, fix its aim upon a mighty ocean liner bearing thousands of passengers, and send its victim to the bottom by one dart from its half-hidden mouth—this was certainly something new under the sun, and the world will long talk about it. To another, there was nothing more amazing than the Big Berthas. For a gun to throw a shell over twenty miles high, and cause it to strike the earth seventy-five miles away from the point where the gun stood, was supposed to lie beyond the range of the possible, and when the miraculous thing really happened, men stood awestruck and dumbfounded. For a moment it looked as though the entire art of war would be revolutionized, and that all previous plans and predictions would have to undergo revision. To still others the wonder of the war was the bomb-dropping aeroplane. The fight in the clouds was more thrilling than any fight on the earth and the sea. The spectacle of an aeroplane raining destruction from heaven upon helpless cities in the night was at once horrible

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and sublime. When men began to smear the heavens with blood, it made one feel that a new age had dawned, and that we had just begun to learn the A B C's of man's capacity for destruction.

But was there not a spectacle even more thrilling and wonderful than any one of these three? Look at yonder aeroplane in broad daylight dropping words! Is not that the climax of all the wonders of the war? For centuries men have fought with material missiles, but now at last they are learning to fight with words. They are putting the most wonderful creation of human genius to the work of firing spiritual ammunition. The sight brings a sense of relief to the heart. The bomb-dropping aeroplane fills the soul with horror. It makes no discrimination, and women at their domestic duties, and babies in their cradles are doomed alike to be torn to shreds by the bursting shell. It presents man in the character of a fiend. He seems to have lost the characteristics of a man and to have become a devil using wings. But a word-dropping aeroplane is a messenger of mercy. It does not lacerate human flesh, or demolish the strength and beauty of human homes. It makes war not upon the body but upon the mind. It makes use of munitions manufactured by the reason. It enables one to retain his belief that man is indeed a rational creature, and has not lost faith in the rational nature of his fellows. Behold, then, the aeroplane dropping words, as the prophetic incident

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of the war. Through that spectacle, as through an open window, one can gaze into the future, and see a world from which swords of steel have been banished, and all disputes are submitted to the arbitrament of reason.

It is by words and not by bayonets that war at last will be permanently ended. After beating down Potsdam with bayonets it is now necessary to beat her down with words. Germany will remain a menace to the world until the reason of Germany has been conquered. It is her ideas which make her the most dangerous of all the nations of the earth. Even without a fleet or army, she will be dangerous still so long as she retains the philosophy of Bernhardi. Until her mind has been conquered, the world cannot be at peace. The mind is conquered only by the reason, and the reason works its wonders solely by the use of words. Through the coming generation, there will run on a campaign in which the cohorts of reason will grapple with the hosts whose behaviour has been perverted by a philosophy which is false.

The founders of the American Republic made the President of the nation the supreme commander of both army and navy. They knew that he might not be either a general or an admiral, but nevertheless they gave him supreme authority over all our military and naval forces. Since the Revolution we have had two great wars, and in both these wars our President has been unpracticed in the science and art of warfare. President Lincoln carried a

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sword, but it was a sword in the mouth. He won battles by the things which he said. The generals on the battle-fields were indispensable, but without Lincoln they would have fought in vain. They fought with bullets while he fought with words, and it was the words and the bullets together which finally overcame the South. History has written two names above all the other names which the war of the Rebellion rendered lustrous, Lincoln and Grant, and the man whose name is written highest is the man who carried the sword in his mouth.

President Wilson is not an expert in military or naval science. He is a school-teacher occupying for a season the Presidential chair. He has been supreme commander of our army and navy, and he has done all of his fighting by words. By his genius in the use of language he became the acknowledged spokesman for mankind. He towered above all the generals and admirals, carrying the sword in his mouth. His words had in them higher potencies than were possessed by the mightiest of the shells, his sentences carried farther than the longest ranged of the guns. By his luminous speech he did things which are beyond the power of chemicals and metals. He smote the nations with the breath of his mouth. When the Muse of History completes her roll of the immortals of the greatest of all the wars, who knows but that at the top of the list will stand that consummate master of words—Woodrow Wilson!

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XI

THE RANGE OF THE POSSIBLE

TO most men the range of the possible is narrow, to none of us is it as wide as it ought to be. We are prone to measure our expectations by our experience, and to limit our predictions to the things we can see. It is what our own eyes have seen, and our own ears have heard, and our own hands have handled, which gives us our ideas of what can be. The Hindu Prince who rejected with scorn the story of the traveller who told him that in winter time the water in a river in his own country became so hard that he could walk across it, illustrates a tendency deep-rooted in human nature to take a skeptical attitude to whatever lies outside of the circle of one's own personal experience. Men often assert that something or other is contrary to Nature, when all they mean is that these things are contrary to their observation. They themselves have not seen these particular things take place; but this does not prove that these things are contrary to Nature. Jesus, for instance, is said to have walked on the water. We never saw a man do such a thing, but this does not

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prove it is contrary to Nature. A man might have a force within him which would counteract the force of gravity. When men say that a thing is contrary to Reason, they are trying to say that it contradicts their own judgment. Their judgment may be uneducated, and what they mistake for reason is nothing more than the crotchet or prejudice of an individual mind. Nearly everything of importance that has ever been accomplished in the world was declared in advance to be impossible by large groups of people who claimed to know.

One of the services rendered by war is the enlargement which it gives to experience. It drives us from the beaten road, pushing us into fields into which we have never gone before, and where we learn things which had hitherto lain beyond the frontiers of our interest. War compels us to bear things which we were sure were unbearable, and to attempt things which our previous life would have led us to put down as undoable.

The great war has reminded us that the words "possible" and "impossible" are only conventional terms, and that we ought to use them with diffidence and mental reservations. After this who will dare lightly declare what can happen and what can not? With the record of Germany before us who will venture to predict what a nation may be willing to do? With the achievements of the Allies fresh before our eyes, who will be audacious enough to set limits to what nations may accomplish?

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The men who came out of the war totally discredited were the prophets. The definition given by a wag—"A prophet is a man who predicts what never comes to pass," seems almost correct. Prophets of divers types were proved to be short-sighted and mistaken. None of them erred more egregiously than the financial prophets, those long-headed and practical seers, who have an enormous reputation for knowing just what human nature is and can do. But the financial prophets all failed, as did also the prophets of science; and the journalistic prophets have made for themselves a reputation which it will take a hundred years to live down. Some one has said that the war was a war in which the possible never happened, and everything impossible did. Certainly no one was able to predict one week what was going to happen the next week, and the wisest men stood side by side with the most foolish in utter ignorance of what a day was going to bring forth. To turn the pages of the record of the last four years and read the interminable list of predictions which were never fulfilled, and the equally long list of things that happened which no one had been able to foresee, would be a melancholy and chastening occupation. We are, no doubt, wonderful creatures, but it is amazing how little we know either about ourselves or others.

The war reminded us every week that things can happen in this world which never happened before. The world has lived a long time, and many wonderful things have happened, but the

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wonderful things have not been exhausted, and any number of them may take place before the next sun goes down. We have had abundant opportunities to measure human capacities and powers. We have a more or less definite idea of what a man is and can do. But the war has made it clear that there is even more in man than has been dreamed of in our philosophy, and that human nature has a range of energies running beyond the reach of our furthest explorations. We do not know fully either ourself or our fellows. Humanity remains a fathomless mystery, and the powers wrapped up in human personality are only partially revealed. It is because of our ignorance that the future becomes unpredictable. We cannot make final calculations for ourselves or for society because we do not know enough of the extent of our available resources. We possess no apparatus by which to compute the curve along which humanity is going to move. We know only that we are moving from mystery to mystery, from God and to God.

A volume could be filled with illustrations of how the impossible turned into the possible in the years of the war. Among the most astonishing of the impossibilities which turned out to be possible, a high place must be given to the unions and coöperations which the war brought about. Few supposed that Britishers and Frenchmen could come so close together as they did. The men who knew best the history of the last five hundred years were the men who

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were the most skeptical as to the ability of France and Great Britain to unite. And yet before the war was over, not only were Britishers and Frenchmen fighting together on the same fields, but all were under one commander, and that man a Frenchman! The linking together of Russia and Great Britain was one of the most amazing events in the history of the world. No statesman would have predicted it. Everything almost was against it. It was clearly impossible, and yet it came to pass. The political consolidations within the various nations were also unprecedented and manifestly impossible. Politicians are supposed to know human nature, and are given credit for being able to forecast the sequence of events, but no politician in Europe at the end of 1913 would have dared predict the combinations which had taken place before the end of 1914. The union of churches also ran far beyond the limits of the possible. Things done and permitted by Anglican bishops were not listed in any of the books of the soothsayers. Men rubbed their eyes with amazement at the things which were said and done. Men came together who had been irreconcilable foes. Men worked together harmoniously who had long fought each other with a rancour that grew with the years. When Poincare appointed Clemenceau Prime Minister, and when Clemenceau accepted the appointment, men knew that the day of miracles is not over, and confessed that it is impossible for any man to say what is going to happen

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next. In the realm of mechanical invention it was the impossible which came to pass every day. The aeroplane simply soared over the heads of the theorists, jauntily doing things which defied the rules laid down in the books. One aeroplane has already reached an altitude of 30,500 feet, which means that the tallest of earth's mountains has been left behind.

The submarine was one of the most deadly and formidable of all the enemies which any nation was ever compelled to fight. It seemed at first impossible to curb or break its power. The mightiest of the world's navies seemed to lie at its mercy. The greatest of the world's empires seemed likely to be ultimately strangled by this devil of the sea. But the brain which can devise a U-boat can also create a boat which will destroy it. There is no instrument invented by human genius whose edge cannot be taken off by another instrument invented by the same unconquerable human mind. Before the war ended there were boats possessed of ears. They could hear the breathing of a submarine at the bottom of the sea. A submarine cannot remain still unless it rests on the bottom, and the bottom cannot be more than two hundred feet below the surface. But if a submarine is to move it must use its propeller, and if it uses its propeller, it sets in motion circles of vibrations, and these vibrations were caught up at once by boats which had been provided with magical ears. It was in this way that a destroyer could follow a submarine hour after hour,

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as a hound follows a fox, and the end was the destruction of the fox of the sea. When bombs are needed for momentous work to be done below the surface of the sea, such bombs are immediately forthcoming, for nothing is impossible to the genius of man. When the Allies learned the art of putting into a bomb five hundred pounds of an explosive which could be exploded eighty feet below the surface of the sea, with a destructive radius of one hundred and fifty yards, the days of the submarine were numbered. The wise men of Germany, versed in science and mechanics, had proved in their books that to overcome the submarine was impossible. For Great Britain to escape the net of submarine activity which had been skillfully thrown around her, was beyond human power, but men blunder egregiously who imagine they can set limits to the power of the mind. It is as hazardous to set limits to the power of the finite as it is to try to set limits to the power of God. God is in man and no one can know what it is possible for a son of God to accomplish.

In the realm of the unexpected no nation surpassed the United States in working wonders. We amazed the world, and we certainly surprised ourselves. The Germans had carefully calculated our resources. They knew the measure of our possessions as well as we knew it ourselves. They had catalogued every vessel in our fleet, they knew the strength of every unit in our army. They knew how long would

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be required to raise an army of a size sufficient to become a factor in the war. They knew how long it would take to drill an army, and how much time would be necessary to transport it across the Atlantic. All these matters were worked out by the experts of the German General Staff. No abler men in military and naval science were alive on the earth. They were masters of the whole technique of war. They could calculate with greater precision the drilling and movement of troops than any other set of men on the planet. They demonstrated on paper by figures that could not be questioned how long it would take America to get into the war. America, it was proved, could not possibly get in before it was too late. And therefore a policy was adopted which added America to the list of the Allies. The action of the German government is proof that in the judgment of the shrewdest, and most learned, and most capable of the military experts of the greatest of the military empires, it was impossible for the United States to become a determining factor in the war. Germany lost the war because she did not know the range of the American possible. She was an adept in the calculation of mechanical forces, she did not understand the capacities of the human soul. She could measure the carrying capacity of freight cars and ships, she could not measure the depth of the human heart. She could calculate the tenacity of steel and the death-dealing power of chemicals, but she could not calculate the operation

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of those hidden forces which lie buried deep in the human spirit. The very thing which she called impossible came to pass. Realities which she brushed aside as negligible arose in the day of judgment to crush her.

It is not surprising that Germany failed to read us truly, for we were unable to read ourselves. We did not know what it was possible for us to do. We have a polyglot population, and to say in advance what will come out of this is a hazardous undertaking. It is not easy to unify a nation made up of such various and clashing elements, and yet to the surprise and delight of us all, we attained a unity of enthusiasm throughout our country, which was not attained in any other nation which drew the sword against the Central Powers. The clearly impossible came to pass. We had a small and poorly equipped army to start with. Our people were averse to the policy of conscription. It was contrary to our traditions and it ran against the grain of our disposition. And yet conscription was adopted at the very start, with a unity of support which deserves to stand in the list of the miracles wrought by the war. The drilling of our army and the transport of it, and the achievements of it—all these ran clearly beyond the limits of the possible. Men who understood the situation best said such things could not be done, but the wise and prudent do not always know. Over two million men were mobilized, clothed, trained, transported, put down within sight of the German

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army with an efficiency and speed which dumbfounded the prophets. Never again will a man who cares for his reputation venture to declare oracularly how long it will take a nation to prepare for war. The width of the Atlantic has cut a large figure in bygone calculations, but in the calculations of the future there will be no more sea. We now know that the Atlantic is a brook, and that fighters as well as lovers can jump over it at their pleasure.

How many incredible things have been happening! Who would have supposed that we have so much money? Who would have dreamed that so much money could be raised by taxation, that men would contribute such enormous sums for the support of the government without indignant protest? We have left in the past a hundred important social duties undone because we could not get the necessary funds. Taxes were already as high as the patient taxpayer would submit to. To increase the burden would stir up possibly an insurrection. The admitted range of the possible in the realm of taxation was contracted. And so was it also in the domain of generosity. We felt we knew how much men would give, and we set down the stakes at points counted safe. To ask them to give too much would chill them and jeopardize the causes which we had at heart. Appeals for money must be reasonable, and the amounts asked for must never run beyond the limits which common sense can approve. But in the war all the sums that were asked for were

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unreasonable. They were unprecedented in size and in number. Considerations of prudence were thrown to the winds. We asked for the money which was needed and not for the money we felt men were willing to give. We asked for millions and tens of millions. The most enjoyable and successful of the drives were those made for a hundred millions and over. When the sum for a drive was fixed at one hundred and seventy millions, the nation became jubilant, almost hilarious. Such sums had never before been thought of, because they lay outside of the range of the possible. But the war swept away our precedents and prudence, and trained us to live in a world with wider horizons. As we went forward we discovered that we had not been using more than a tithe of our resources, and that we had held back from humanity many things which it was our privilege to give. The croaker, everywhere, fell into disrepute. The man who always said: "You can't do it" lost his voice. The defeatist was no longer popular. He was seen to be an anæmic and feeble man. The war set on fire the imagination, and in every field of activity plans were formulated on a larger scale. Enterprises which had been taboo as quixotic now came within the range of the practical, and goals which had always seemed Utopian were declared to be reachable by men now alive. This stretching of the scope of the possible is a psychical fact which the future will make fruitful use of. We have learned something which our successors are not

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likely to forget. It will be easier through a hundred years to attempt large things because of what the war has taught us concerning the range of the possible.

There will be those no doubt who will revert to the attitude of the defeatist. We shall hear from time to time the doleful cry, "You can't do it." But these doubters and falterers must count on meeting a great host of workers who have been baptized into a nobler spirit. Men are going to say in the words of Mirabeau, when they hear some timorous soul cry: "Impossible!" "Never mention to me again that blockhead of a word!" The war has taken the word "impossible" out of the vocabulary of earnest-hearted and clear-eyed men. We are not going to be over-concerned in the future about the possible. We are going to fix our minds on the things that ought to be—the things that must be if God's will is going to be done on this earth. That is the way we argued in war, and we shall not abandon that method in peace. We said: "Germany has got to be defeated!" Having settled that, we were not interested in the critics who pointed out various things which it was impossible to do. "The submarine must be conquered!" There were all sorts of difficulties in the way, but what did they matter, when it was clear as the sun at noon that the submarine had to be conquered? "The American army must be drilled and transported to France!" There were insurmountable obstacles, but we saw none of them be-

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cause our eyes were fixed on the inevitable goal. Things become possible when we really desire them, and believe them to be essential to the carrying out of God's plans in the world. Jesus of Nazareth never used the word impossible. He was surrounded by defeatists, and He marvelled at their temper. He met every day men who could tell offhand what could not be done, and He brushed their reasonings aside as not worth His attention. When His disciples cried out "Impossible," He checked them with the reminder that when men are linked with God, all things become possible. He was always working to enlarge the horizon, and to induce men to believe in the all-embracing plans of the Eternal. If you have faith, He said, nothing shall be impossible unto you. It is with this faith that we must enter on the task of building a better world.

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XII

THE MIGHT OF THE SPIRIT

DO you remember the words which stood at the top of the front page of the newspapers in the autumn of 1914? Those words had well-nigh disappeared at the end of four years, and another set had taken their place. There was a word which was hardly spoken or printed in the first year of the war, which gradually forged its way to the front, taking each succeeding year a more conspicuous position, until in the autumn of 1918 it was exalted above every other word, the whole world conceding that, after all, war is not won by munitions and guns, by money or food, but by a mysterious something which is called "Morale." The emergence of this word from obscurity, and its steady ascent in public speech and thought, is one of the memorable phenomena of the great war.

In the opening months we thought and spoke constantly of machinery. Our eyes were fixed on howitzers and shells, on aeroplanes and ships. It was the war machine which was the one thing essential, and to perfect the machine was the one absorbing ambition. Later on, we began to think more of the men. The problems of mobilizing them, and feeding them, and cloth-

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ing them were the subjects of continuous thought and discussion. Still later, we were interested supremely in the skill and efficiency of the men. The shipyards called for expert mechanics, and in all the gun factories and in munition plants, we eagerly followed the movements of the workers, noting the volume of their output, sometimes with disappointment and at other times with joy.

But there came a time when our chief concern was not with the steel or copper, the shell or the gun, nor was it with the number or skill of the workers. Our whole mind was concentrated on the disposition and the temper of the men, for we discovered that unless a man's heart is in his work, he cannot be relied on and will disappoint us in the end. Strikes became to us the most formidable of all perils. Moods of depression or insubordination were feared more than battalions of armed men. War is not an episode of a day or a week; it is not a struggle like that in which animals engage. It is a long drawn out and reasoned thing, and the longer it continues the heavier are the demands on the nations engaged in it. Each succeeding year it searches deeper and deeper into a nation's soul, summoning to action all its mental and spiritual capacities and powers. War is a burden to be carried along a road that is slippery and bloody, and it takes a firm nerve to reach the end of the journey. War is fought with physical weapons, but it is not these weapons which determine the outcome. Guns are indis-

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pensable, but it is the men behind the guns from whom victory must finally come. Everything depends on the quality of the mind in the man behind the gun, and also in the man behind the man who uses the gun. It is not enough to fight. It is the spirit with which nations fight which determines the ultimate issue. In other words, a war is won by morale.

And what is morale? It is a state of mind. No one word is sufficient to express its full content. It is courage and endurance and hope. It is zeal and confidence and loyalty. It is determination and grit and esprit de corps. It is staying power, the temper which endures to the end. With morale all things become possible: without morale all other things count for nothing.

The determining factor, then, in war is something which is invisible and intangible. On its surface war appears to be largely a physical enterprise. Men seem to fight solely with their bodies, their hands. On closer inspection we discover that war is a spiritual venture, and that men fight with their souls. Everything in the long run depends on the soul. Out of the heart are the issues of life.

In modern war it is not the morale of any group or class which is all-controlling, for war has now become a contest between peoples. The whole population is implicated, and if at any point the morale crumbles, the cause is lost. Soldiers and sailors can do little with the weapons provided them, unless the inner man is

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equipped and strong; but sailors and soldiers, however courageous, are impotent unless supported by a people whose hearts are aflame. A discouraged and hopeless nation cannot send victorious legions to the battle-field. Morale is contagious. It is a living thing and spreads. It can be built up and it can be destroyed, and therefore in a protracted war the supreme concern of a belligerent nation is the task of maintaining its morale.

Whatever undermines a nation's morale is of the nature of treason, and whatever builds up in soldier and sailor, in gun-maker and shipbuilder, in statesman and farmer, a frame of mind which stands firm against every assault, is a weapon to be seized and made use of. Every government applied itself in season and out of season to feeding the minds of its sailors and soldiers. Men cannot live on rations alone. Being spiritual creatures, they must be fed daily on spiritual food. Without spiritual nourishment workers in shipyards and munition factories soon grow weary and faint, and without the daily strengthening of the spirit the whole nation will by and by lose heart. Morale is a frame of mind, and can be built up after certain patterns and in accordance with fixed laws. This accounts for the high place granted the psychologists in the war. They were as indispensable as the chemists. It is not enough to use men who understand the composition of chemicals, governments must use also the men who understand the structure and nature of

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the mind. The continuous feeding of the eyes by paintings and posters and moving pictures, the unceasing feeding of the ears by martial music, and national anthems and patriotic speeches, was not a useless or incidental work. No work more essential than this was done by any other group of workers. To sustain the morale of the people is the crowning work of a government in time of war.

All the forces which work against the maintenance of a fighting morale are suppressed with a vigorous hand. The human spirit must not be chilled or discouraged. Nothing can be permitted to sap the courage of the army, or to depress the heart of the people. This is the justification for the stringent laws which every government enacts in time of war. Reckless talkers are compelled to cease from their talking, and irresponsible writers are prohibited from writing, and idlers and busybodies and mischief-makers of many stripes are watched with a vigilance which is sleepless, for whatever dampens the spirit of the people outstrips in destructiveness the power of guns. The builders and guardians of the nation's morale stand side by side with the admirals and generals as the men who win the war. It is not by physical force nor by chemical reactions, but by the spirit in men's souls that despotisms are overthrown and righteousness is established.

In the earlier years of the war Germany won repeated successes, not simply because of her splendid military machine, but because of her

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superb morale. Upon this morale she had expended the tireless labour of forty years. Her great achievements had not been made at Kiel or Essen, but in her schools. She had given her entire people an education which fitted them to enter upon a war with glowing hearts. The Germans were prepared not only with howitzers and guns, but they had something infinitely more potent, supreme confidence in their ability to subdue the world. Their love for the Fatherland burned like a furnace. Their confidence in their leaders was without a flaw. Soldiers followed their generals with certainty that they were marching on to victory. The war would be brief and the outcome would be glorious. Morale is based upon belief. It is what men think which makes them weak or mighty. The Germans were made mighty by their trust in the ability of their General Staff, and by their assurance that the day had arrived when by God's will the envious enemies of the Fatherland should be overthrown.

The morale of the Allies was also splendid, but it was not so perfect as that of the Germans. The Allies were confident of the righteousness of their cause, but they could not be equally confident of the adequacy of their military equipment. Physical preparedness had not been carried to so high a pitch by either France or Great Britain as by Germany, and there was not that confidence in the heart of the French and British soldier in his superior officer which filled the soul of the German. The

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military leaders of the Allies were largely untried men, and blunders, one after another, only weakened the confidence which had been none too strong at the start.

But confidence in the righteousness of their cause kept the courage of the British and French from flagging, and as the years went on a growing confidence in their military machine gave the Allies augmented power. Little by little the morale of the French forced itself on the attention of the world. It was when Northern France lay bleeding and crushed that the world was given a fresh revelation of the greatness of the French soul. No people have been more continuously misunderstood by the outside world than the French. This is due in part to the depravity and antics of small groups of unsavoury Frenchmen. But it is never wise to judge a whole nation by the sins of a few individuals, and the world came to see that Paris is not France, nor are a few fops and harlots Paris. The French soldier under fire showed himself to be no weakling or coward. He was magnificent. The French women were not dolls, devotees of fashion. They had the strength and the courage of the heroines of ancient Rome. The French people were not a degenerate and hysterical race, but a nation in which there burned unextinguishable fires of nobility and devotion. It requires time for the morale of a nation to disclose itself. Year by year France rose higher and higher in public esteem. The voices of her critics were silenced.

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Many who had thrown stones at her now crowned her with praise.

But in the fiber and tenacity of her morale France did not stand alone. England was her equal. British officers were in many instances lacking in experience and skill, but the British private soldier on every field proved himself a hero. The British armies suffered repeated disasters, but their misfortunes could not break down the British temper. Her losses were enormous, but she never thought of surrender. When the Fifth army was driven back in March, 1918, and the whole world staggered under the shock of that cruel blow, the number of enlistments both in England and in Canada took an immediate leap upward. Defeat only stiffened the British will. It was her morale—the deep-rooted qualities of mind and heart—the moral temper fused in the fires of a great faith—which carried Great Britain through the tragedies of four discouraging years, and made it possible for her to arrive at the day of victory.

When we study the experience of France and Great Britain, we see that morale is something more than emotion. All peoples are highly emotional in the first years of a war. But emotions are fluctuating, and cannot remain at flood tide. Young men plunge into a war with a zeal and heat which are beautiful and potent, but which are certain to die down under the fatigue of the exhausting years. Morale is something more than enthusiasm, it is deeper and stronger. It is finer and higher than

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optimism. It is not a thing of the intellect, or of the emotions, it is a thing of the spirit. There is a spirit in man, and it is by this spirit that he conquers.

Germany did not know of what spirit the Frenchman was. She underestimated him. She disparaged him. She counted him a weakling and a degenerate. Germany was ignorant of the French morale. Germany had carefully counted the French guns and the French soldiers; she had not measured the dimensions of the French soul. It is the soul which is the determining factor both in peace and in war. Germany did not know the soul of Great Britain. She knew the size of the British army. She had catalogued every vessel in the British navy. She had never fathomed the depth of the British heart. She did not realize that the British heart is the same whether in England or in Canada or in Australia. Germany was blinded by her materialistic philosophy. She did not know how to measure spiritual values. She forgot the omnipotence of morale. She did not understand the neutral nations—including the United States. She had filled countless volumes with statistics gathered from all these countries, but she did not know their interior life. She was an expert in counting dollars and soldiers and guns and ships. She knew little of the spiritual forces which rule the world. Her leading men confessed that they did not care what neutral nations thought, and so Germany went recklessly on to defy the moral sentiment of the

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world. The spirit of mankind rose against her. The heart of humanity cried out in protest. She did not heed the cry, for she was deaf. She did not see the abyss in front of her, for she was blind. Having eyes, she saw not, and although she had ears she was unable to hear. Her false ideas had quenched the light that was in her, and how great was the darkness! It was the morale of the human race which laid Germany low. No nation can defy the spirit of mankind and live.

What did the United States do toward the winning of the war? Various answers have been given, and they differ widely from one another. Some say she did much, others say she did little. Some lay the emphasis on the food and the money, and others lay the emphasis on what our soldiers did at St. Mihiel and in the Argonne forest. But whatever importance may be given to our food exportations and to our military achievements, there is no doubt that our supreme contribution was what we did for morale. By coming into the war we fed the heart of the Allies. Our grains were of great value, but the Allies were heart-weary, and we inspired them by saying: "We are coming to fight by your side." Before even one of our regiments reached France we had already done a wonderful work. We had toned up the hearts of millions. By our declaration of war against Germany we caused the French pulse to beat stronger. We sent more than two millions of men across the Atlantic. Many thou-

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sands of these never reached the fighting line. The men who got to the front fought bravely. They may not have done as much as our boastful newspapers asserted, but whatever they may have done or not done with their guns, there is no doubt they worked miracles by their presence. The fact that they were there put new vigour into the whole Allied line, and subtracted strength daily from the German heart. The men far behind the trenches made a contribution which should never be forgotten. They also helped to win the war. They never fired a shot, and yet they share in the everlasting glory. They strengthened the morale. A million men behind the lines, not yet engaged but ready at a word to move forward, achieve a work the size of which it is impossible to measure. They increase the fighting strength of every man in the trenches. They hasten the day when the enemy will surrender.

But there were a million Americans who did not get across the Atlantic. They were in the camps here. Many of them were eager to go. They could not go. Their hearts were filled with disappointment. They lamented the sacrifice they had made apparently in vain. But even these men helped win the war. They, too, deserve to wear the laurel. Without them the war would not have ended when it did. They also were really in the fighting line. They did not go to France in ships, and yet they were there. Their souls were there, and being there in the spirit, they made themselves felt in every

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battle. When you make up the roll of the conquerors, do not leave these men out. Men in American camps fed the morale of men four thousand miles away. Every soldier in France was a more effective soldier because there was another American soldier getting ready to come.

Let no soldier, then, feel disheartened because he never reached the front. He did not reach it with his body, but he reached it with his soul. He did not fire a gun, but he helped crush the Kaiser. He did not kill a German, but he helped to take the spirit of confidence out of the German heart.

Here, then, is a work in which all our soldiers and sailors had a part. They helped build up the morale before which Germany went down. We entered the war when other nations were fagged. We were fresh and unwearied, and our exuberant spirit caused men to forget how tired they were. We went to France with hearts which had not been torn by disasters, and with spirits which had not been chastened by cruel disappointments. Our bounce and enthusiasm were contagious. We caused nations which had become downcast to lift up their heads. Some may minimize the value of what we did in the actual contribution of shells and guns, but no one can deny that we did a mighty work, a work which was absolutely indispensable and which we alone were able to perform. By our buoyancy and dash and spirit we increased the vitality and weight of the morale of the Allied armies.

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XIII

THE HANDICAP OF WEIGHTS

A NEW Testament writer exhorts us to lay aside not only the sin which doth so easily beset us, but likewise every weight. He thus calls attention to a distinction between sins and weights which all of us who are interested in perfecting ourselves in the art of living should hold diligently in mind. The New Testament writer pictures life under the metaphor of a foot-race. We are all in the arena running. Prizes have been offered to all who win, and as the course is long and difficult, it behooves every runner to get rid of everything which is likely to impede him in his movements. He must cast aside, of course, every sin, and he must also toss away things which in themselves are innocent, but which embarrass him in the act of running.

As soon as we elevate our ideal, we immediately discriminate more clearly the moral values of the things we are doing. If our ideals are low, and our ambition to excel is feeble, we are content if we can keep away from the ac-

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tions which are confessedly wicked. Society has made out a list of the things which are bad, and in order to be respectable these things must be eschewed. There are many persons who feel they have a right to do anything which society has not stamped with its disapproval. If an act is not sinful, then why not do it? If a practice is not wicked, why not engage in it? Why not do anything which is not clearly and notoriously injurious? This is the viewpoint of all who are mediocre in moral intelligence. The world is full of morally commonplace people, people who have no desire to attain superior moral excellence, and who are happy if they are as good as their neighbours.

The Christian religion summons men to lay aside not only the sins, but the weights. Every habit which obstructs the soul in doing the will of God must be surrendered. Every act which embarrasses a man or woman in the performance of his largest service to mankind must be given up. Things in themselves good must be sacrificed in order that still better things may be gained; customs which under certain conditions are innocent become blameworthy when men are striving to reach a shining goal. The life of the college athlete before he goes into training is not condemned as wicked because he is careless as to his diet, and is irregular in his hours of going to bed. But as soon as he begins to compete for a prize, he is expected to put himself under most rigorous discipline. He lays aside everything, however en-

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joyable and desirable, which seems likely to diminish his chances of winning the race. The world of athletics accepts as a cardinal doctrine this idea of laying aside every weight. Every garment which interferes with the free movement of the body is discarded. Raiment is made for man, and not man for raiment. Every habit which reduces the energy of the nerves is ruthlessly cut off. Every article of diet which does not produce muscular force is peremptorily forbidden. The program of the entire day is arranged with the coming contest in view. Professional trainers of athletes are always on the lookout for weights. They hate them. They accept without question the dictum of the New Testament as to the necessity of laying aside every weight. The athlete who refuses to do this is fatally handicapped in the race. The body must submit to discipline and even crucifixion. Every ounce of superfluous flesh must be gotten rid of. It is serious business, this business of winning races, and every man who desires to be a successful athlete subscribes to the creed which commands the elimination of weights. Anything, no matter how pleasurable or innocent, how respectable or popular, is an enemy to be conquered, if it stands between the athlete and the coveted prize.

The New Testament loves to picture the Christian life, now under the image of a foot-race, and now under the image of a war. The Apostle Paul was fond of thinking of himself as a soldier, and of the men who worked with

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him in the extension of Christianity as his comrades in a great campaign. In Paul's last letter to the young man who was to carry on Paul's work after his death, the aged apostle wrote: "Suffer hardship with me as a good soldier of Christ Jesus. No soldier on service entangleth himself in the affairs of this life; that he may please him who enrolled him as a soldier." Here we have the very essence of the military life expressed in the phrase—"No soldier on service entangleth himself." He lays aside every weight. He puts himself in such condition as that he shall be able to obey with swiftness the orders of his Commander. War sounds solemn warnings against the handicap of weights.

As soon as the United States entered the war, we found ourselves spontaneously beginning to lay aside some of our weights. It was not our sins that we first thought of, but our weights, the superfluous things we had been doing, and which now were only an encumbrance in the life we were called to live. Some of us became more economical in the use of our money. We had grown to be extravagant and had not realized how recklessly we were throwing money away. We began to cut down the number of our luxuries. When so many babies in Europe were hungry, we could no longer enjoy things which had formerly brought us pleasure. We began also to redeem the time. We fell naturally into doing the very things which the Apostle exhorts us to do. The days were in-

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deed evil, and because they were evil, it was necessary for us to redeem the time. Hours which had formerly been given to idleness, or popular forms of selfish pleasure, were now devoted to some form of labour which would assist the Allies to win the war. As soon as we got our eye on the prize we saw the necessity of laying aside the weights. We were surprised to find how much money we had on hand to give to benevolence, and how much time we had on hand to contribute to the canteen, or the Red Cross, or to some variety of community Welfare Work.

Nor was this laying aside of weights half so disagreeable as we had imagined it would be. It seemed not only a sensible thing to do, but we liked to do it. When we did it we found that our heart sang. It was fine to be in a great race, and to be running to win a prize. We did not groan when we tossed aside one weight after another, we felt exuberant as we dashed on toward the goal. The common notion that laying aside weights is painful, and that self-crucifixion is full of agony, is mistaken. It is only when we surrender that we are happy, and only when we die that we live.

The immediate result of our laying aside of the weights was an increase in the volume of our bodily health. We had been eating too much meat, or too much sugar, or too much butter, and our body was impeded in doing the work it had to perform. By reducing the fuel which was thrown into the engine, the engine

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did far more effective service. There is an increase in the health of college men who go into athletics. The laying aside of weights causes the flesh to rejoice. There is an improvement in health in the young men who go into the army or navy. The explanation is that naval and military life compels men to lay aside numerous handicapping weights. The health of the population throughout the whole country was improved by the limited self-denial which was practiced during a part of the war. A distinguished Scotchman said in an address delivered in this city that the health of the Scottish people was never better than during the war, that the number of the insane in the asylums diminished, and that sickness among the masses was surprisingly reduced. What was true in Scotland was no doubt true in every belligerent country where the pinch of necessity did not bring the daily ration below the amount necessary for the normal sustenance of the body. Men and women were on the whole sounder in body and saner in mind. They had something worth while to think about. They had something to live for, and to sacrifice for. They ceased to brood over their own petty disappointments and trials. Troubles which in peace had seemed colossal, now appeared insignificant. There was no time to whine over one's personal losses. Tribulations which had been mountains dwindled to mole-hills. The heart was set free from its selfishness and the mind was lifted out of morbid and somber

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moods. Many of us in time of peace are weighted down with memories which are depressing. We carry along with us a crushing mass of impedimenta. We have not sufficient strength for the doing of our best work because our vitality is exhausted in the bearing of our useless load. There are a thousand things which ought to be gotten rid of, and left behind forever. They are weights—remembered bitter experiences—which impede us in all our journey.

War did us an invaluable service when it induced us to let these weights go. As soon as we began to run toward Berlin, we could not afford to lug forward a lot of the rubbish we had been carrying. We simply forgot many a thing which had tormented us, and ceased to care for many a prize which had once excited our ambition.

In this enterprise of laying aside weights, the Government came to our assistance. If we grew negligent in lightening our load, the Government reminded us what it was best for us to do. Vigilant officials stood at the coal bin, and helped us to realize the value of coal. Others stood in the meat market and compelled us to think soberly, before we decided how many pounds would be sufficient. It was a new experience to find the hand of Uncle Sam over the mouth of the sugar bowl, telling us just how many lumps could go into a cup of coffee. The Government stood by our side all through the war, saying—"Now lay aside every weight.

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We are running a great race, and humanity demands that we must win the prize."

It seemed strange to find ourselves dividing occupations into two classes—essential and non-essential. Every occupation was summoned to appear at the Judgment, and show whether or not it was essential to the winning of the war. Every business was judged solely on its ability to contribute to the victory over Germany, and men were no longer permitted to engage in work which added nothing to our fighting strength. We found that we had been supporting businesses which were only encumbrances, and all these now stood publicly branded by the Government's condemnation. This compelled every thoughtful man and woman to ask: "What am I doing?" "Of what value is my labour?" "What contribution have I been making to the forces which are making for righteousness throughout the earth?" All through the war the one question was: "Will this occupation help us win the war?" That is the question which should never be permitted to fall silent. Through the days of peace the question should keep sounding like a voice from heaven: "Is the thing I am doing helping the Son of God to save the world?"

War has a rude fashion of stripping men. It strips them of their conceits, their prejudices, and their traditional opinions. We grow up to think that a man belongs to himself, has a right to live for himself, and that with this right there can be no legitimate interference. War sweeps

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all that away. War repeats the words of the New Testament: "No man lives to himself, and no man dies to himself." Every man belongs to society, to his country, to humanity, to God.

War strips men of the things which have always belonged to them. It takes away their collars, neckties, dress suits, patent leather shoes. It clothes them in raiment plain and simple, and allows them the use only of those things which are indispensable to the decent maintenance of existence. A boy in the Rainbow Division, before sailing for France, took me into his tent and poured out at my feet all the things he was permitted to take with him. It was a pathetic sight. The things were so few. Everything of weight had been laid aside. I thought of the home in which that boy had been reared. I saw in my mind's eye the comforts and luxuries which he had known since babyhood. There arose before me his entire past, surrounded at every step by all the fine things which money can buy. And now here he stood—ready to fight in the greatest of all the world's wars, and the richest of all the earth's governments was willing that he should carry with him only a few simple articles which might be held in the hands. Was the war unimportant? No! Was the Government penurious? No! Had the Government a low estimate of this young man's talents and worth? No. But the nations were running a race. They had all been summoned into a vast arena wet with blood, and in order that armies may

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run with success, it is necessary to lay aside every weight. It was because the American Republic was so eager to have this Ohio boy go over the top that it took from him every object which was likely to hinder or hamper him in the race he was running for the glory of mankind. When men are to cut their way through Argonne forests, they cannot carry with them silk coverlets or brass beds. There are times when weights become curses, and to insist on bearing them is to jeopardize the welfare of the world.

Jesus is the world's supreme Commander, and before He sent His disciples out to preach, He stripped them almost naked. They had a tremendous battle to fight, and every weight had to be left behind. "Get you no gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses, no wallet for your journey, neither two coats, nor shoes, nor staff." They were not even to carry a book out of which to draw things with which to combat their foes. They were to rely on the Spirit within them, and out of their own hearts would proceed the words which would meet the situation. Jesus reduced the life of His soldiers to its simplest terms. Men who are to bring this world back to God cannot be cumbered by the paraphernalia which seems essential to men engaged in less arduous enterprises. Jesus Himself went forth on His mission with empty hands. The woman of Samaria looked at Him in amazement when He began to speak about giving her water, crying out: "You have nothing to draw

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with and the well is deep." He dispensed with all luxuries, all comforts, even with things which to most men seem indispensable. He had a great race to run, and it was necessary that every weight should be laid aside. As there was nothing in His hands, so there was nothing on His mind which could embarrass Him in His labours. He had no regrets, no remorses, no petty ambitions, no foolish imaginings. Those idle notions, and futile dreamings, and empty wishes which no one of us would be willing to characterize as wicked, but which fill so many of our waking hours and retard us in our upward way, never obstructed or hindered Him. He laid aside every weight as completely as He kept Himself spotless from every sin, and that is why the New Testament writer, quoted at the beginning of this sermon, exhorts us to keep our eyes on Jesus as we run with patience the race which is set before us. We often think of Jesus as the sinless one. It would help us also to think of Him often as the one who laid aside every weight.

He has summoned us to the only war which is really great. It is a war which extends over all the continents, and runs continuously through all the centuries. In this war there is never a truce or armistice. It must be fought on until the foe is overwhelmingly defeated. In the last war we were fighting with flesh and blood. But in the greatest of earth's wars we are wrestling against the principalities, against the powers, against the world rulers of this dark-

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ness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places. Wherefore we are exhorted to take up the whole armour of God. This armour is without weight. Our soldiers in France were cumbered with their packs. The helmets were heavy, so also were the rifles and the blankets. It is not possible, in carnal warfare, to cast aside every weight. But when we fight in the great army in which the Son of God is the Commander, it is not necessary to carry any burdens. All loads can be dispensed with. The armour of the soldiers of Jesus is spiritual, and it is worn not outside but inside of the flesh. We can put on every piece of it and be freer in our actions than we were before we put it on.

Many Christian soldiers are impeded in their warfare not so much by sins as by weights. They are not bad, only ineffective. They are not wicked, only inefficient. They are not disreputable, only useless. They cannot fight well because of the size of their load. They faint by the wayside because they are burdened by the weights they attempt to carry along. They are not criminals or culprits, but they are not good fighters. They cannot fight victoriously because of the impedimenta which they are unwilling to cast aside. They give their time to things which are non-important, their thought to things which are inconsequential, their affections to things which are innocent but futile. They have kept themselves free from the most scarlet of the sins, but they have not learned how to cut loose the millstone of the weights.

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XIV

THE UGLINESS OF SIN

BEFORE the war the crimson of sin had well-nigh faded out. Many of us still retained the word sin in our vocabulary, but the fear of the thing had almost vanished from our heart. In the churches sin was still discussed and deprecated, but in the mind of the average man the conception of sin was pallid, and we were told on high authority that sensible men had ceased to trouble themselves about their sins.

In many quarters it was agreed that there is no such thing as sin. What the old theologians meant by sin is only an animal inheritance which under the operation of the principle of evolution will finally disappear. Sin is only a defect, a flaw, a blemish, something to be regretted but nothing to be alarmed at. It is a certain rawness, a kind of greenness, a sort of immaturity, a necessary stage in the development of every unfolding organism. It is virtue in the making. The theory of evolution in the hands of certain schools of interpreters brought great relief to the conscience. According to their teaching

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there is a principle in men and things which works out inevitably the result which is best. The man who beats upon his breast and prays God for forgiveness distresses himself needlessly, and has not freed himself from the meshes of a pernicious superstition.

And so the doctrine of sin as expressed by the theologians was in many quarters spoken against. The idea of the atonement was relegated to the attic of cast off mental furniture, and men loved to think of themselves as members not of a fallen race but of a race which had from the beginning turned its face toward the heights, and which is certain through the operation of resident forces to reach without risk its far-off and unknowable goal. That was the smug and smiling optimism in which many men were living in the early summer of 1914. Human nature, by general consent, was conceded to be an amiable and lovely thing. The divine was incarnate in every man. Every man, whether he realized it or not, was really on the side of the angels. Progress was endless and inevitable. All that is necessary to reach the golden age is to allow men to follow the instincts of their own hearts.

And then there came a crash. The whole earth trembled. The heavens were rolled together as a scroll, and we found ourselves facing not theories but facts. In the twinkling of an eye human nature stood unveiled, and we saw that in man good and evil are mingled. We got a fresh revelation of the hideousness

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and might of evil. Our eyes were opened to the malignity and heinousness of sin.

War bursts open all the doors of hell, and every one of the devils comes forth to plague and blast mankind. War casts a flash-light on the face of evil, and makes it possible for us to discover its vile and repulsive features. In war what is in the heart comes out, and we stand aghast in the presence of the deeds of which men are capable. Drunkenness, lust, adultery, profanity, lying, slander, hatred, uncleanness, vanity, lasciviousness, envy, jealousy, enmity, wrath, revelling, fury, greed, malice, cruelty, these are sins which push themselves at once to the front. There is no sin mentioned in the Bible which war does not exhibit. There is no form of evil which history records which war does not feed and cause to flourish. Human nature has indeed beautiful traits, but it has also traits which cause the angels to weep. The human heart has many virtues, but it also has many vices. The soul can climb heavenward, but it also can descend into the pit. War tears off the mask from the face of evil and lets us see what evil is. War leaves no doubt as to the accuracy of the declaration of the ancient writer that the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.

The ugliness of sin was first revealed to us in the behaviour of Germany. When she broke her word to Belgium we stood aghast at her perfidy. Theoretically we had known that to break one's word is dishonourable, but the

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deed never looked so damnable as it did when Germany broke her word. The respect we had had for her immediately vanished. She was from that moment onward profane and unclean. We did not realize the heinousness of conceit until we listened to her egotistic ravings. We had considered vanity a harmless frailty, and the habit of bragging an innocent amusement, but when we listened to the "hurrah and hallelujah" of the German savants we were nauseated and wanted to spew everything German out of our mouth. We had, many of us, grown callous of heart. We were not sensitive to the sufferings of the weak, and the injustices wreaked upon the defenseless, but when Germany trampled Belgium under her iron boots we saw that cruelty must be hated. Our souls recoiled from it as a loathsome thing. It was interesting to note how everybody extended the bounds of his vocabulary. Even those of us who had generally spoken of human nature with complimentary phrases, and who were quite sure that the devil had been maligned by the professional custodians of Christian doctrine, now found ourselves calling things inhuman and diabolical, infernal and demoniacal, fiendish and hellish. We had no longer any quarrel with the writers of the imprecatory psalms. We had no difficulty in believing in hell. The vigorous and lurid language of the Bible was the only language which seemed to fit the case. The pale words of our ineffectual vocabulary wilted on our lips. We began to use the speech of

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prophets and apostles. When we read in Bernhardi, "A victorious Germany is the only Germany conceivable, and a victorious Germany must not hesitate to use its superior power to pulverize its enemies until their ability to rise again has been made impossible for all time," we felt sure we had found a man who was in league with hell, and when the *Lusitania* went down, we found it no longer possible to doubt that we belong to a fallen race.

But if Germany gave us our first insight into the malignity and awfulness of sin, it was not long before we saw that the very appetites and passions, the vices and delusions of Potsdam are also in us. At home we saw the havoc wrought by innumerable devils. Lust was here, and drunkenness, and greed, and falsehood, and injustice, and inhumanity, and cruelty, and all the other servants of the monarch of Gehenna. These sins had always flourished here, but war seemed to lift them to a higher power. In the glare of the world battle, we saw as never before the hideousness of wrong-doing. Vice is indeed a monster of frightful mien, but we see it so often that we grow familiar with it, and it does not lacerate and repel the heart. War by turning vice into wider fields and allowing it to operate on a larger scale, shakes us out of our complacency and inspires in us a godly fear of the enemy of souls.

Profiteering, for instance, has flourished in America as perhaps nowhere else. The profiteer is the man who is working for his own pocket

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all the time. He is the man who conducts his business without regard for the interests of society. He is concerned not about the men who work for him, but about the size of his profits. We had no name for this villain before the war broke out. We knew he lived in our midst, and there were many who did not like him, but he was a man of influence, and there were multitudes ready to do him homage. The war brought this man into the limelight. He continued to do in war what he had done in peace. He worked for his own pocket all the time. His eye was on the profits. He took advantage of every need of his fellow-men to increase his fortune. Other men were dying for their country, he went serenely on piling up the dollars. When we saw him do it we hated him. When in a world that called for sacrifice we saw him counting out his gold, we loathed him. We can never henceforth get rid of that loathing. We have found the profiteer out. Never again can he have our praise or even our respect. He is an enemy of his country. He is a dangerous man. He is a traitor to humanity. No man has a right, either in peace or war, to work for his own pocket all the time. In time of war we know that a man belongs to his country, and that it is his duty to do what lies in his power to make his country strong and great. That same responsibility rests upon him in time of peace. Money-making is an abomination if the money is made at the expense of society. No man has a right to coin the lives of his work-

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men into gold for his own selfish purposes. The war profiteer deserved all the contumely he received. The peace profiteer must receive no less. Greed is one of the ugliest of all the devils. Humanity is going to hate it more and more. It is Shakespeare's most devilish character who says: "Put money in your purse," and the man who lives only to put money in his purse will be burned up in the wrath of a world which has learned how to hate him.

The war has made it clear to us what cruelty is. It is cruel to starve women and children. It is cruel to compel men to work without adequate compensation. It is cruel to deprive men of the just fruits of their labour. It is cruel to crush out the happiness and liberty of vast classes of human beings. All this we saw done in Belgium. It was done before our eyes. It was done by the German government. And when we saw it our souls stood up aflame with indignation. We made a vow that with God's help that outrage should cease. We became invincible in battle because of the fierceness of our heat against the cruelties of Potsdam. It was her manner of waging war which kindled the heart of the world against her. We now know what cruelty is, and we have learned how to hate it.

Cruelty in peace is no less heinous than cruelty in war. But peace has been filled with cruelty in every nation in Christendom. Women in large numbers have been overworked and underfed, and children have been sacrificed by

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the tens of thousands to the Moloch of greed. Men have in large numbers been robbed of the fruits of their labours, and whole classes have sunk down into paupers and slaves. When society compels any class of its workers to live in unsanitary houses, and to toil for a wage which does not allow fullness of life, and to labour at monotonous tasks seven days in the week, society is on the way to judgment, and no matter how long the doom may be postponed, it is certain and will be terrible when it arrives. We all saw that it was inhuman that Belgian babies should die for the lack of milk. It is equally clear that American babies must not be allowed to die because their mothers cannot give them proper sustenance. We were stirred by the pictures of the pinched faces of the Belgian school children. Why should we not be stirred by the faces of the boys and girls in our American cities who go to school in the morning without enough to eat?

If it is cruel to fail to feed men's bodies, it is equally cruel to fail to feed their minds. The war has revealed to us the number of our illiterates. The census had often been taken, but we were too busy to study the figures. The draft flaunted them in our face, and we were compelled to take note of them. What a condition of affairs in a great Republic—all these millions of men unable to write and to read! In this land of plenty, what a tragedy that so many minds should be permitted to starve. Every one of the nations has sinned against the Al-

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mighty in its treatment of the weakest of its people. It was not till the British doctors examined the bodies of the young men of England that English statesmen realized the enormity of their sin against the English race. It was not until the war disclosed the miserable character of the houses in which British labourers live that Parliament took up with vigour the great problem of housing the common people. The lesson learned by England is also a lesson for us. The physical examinations in the United States revealed a condition appalling to any man capable of reading its significance. We have been outrageously reckless of health and life. We have left undone the weightier matters of the law. We have neglected men, young men, young men of foreign birth, young men who have been doing hard work for small pay, without which work our prosperity would have been impossible. Our inhumanity has been appalling. Our unbrotherliness cries to heaven. If we can see cruelty across the Atlantic, surely we can see it at our own doors. Everywhere and always cruelty is hideous. It arouses the indignation of God. Shall it not arouse us?

It is this sin of neglect which the war has brought most forcibly to the world's attention. According to the Christian religion, it is the sins of omission which are certain to surprise us and overwhelm us on the day of judgment. Men are generally thoughtful about what they do, they are not so thoughtful of the things they

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do not do. But it is the things we can do and do not do which will rise up to condemn us at the last great day. There were two men who emerged from this war hated above all others. The first was the profiteer, and the second was the slacker. The profiteer did something, but he did it for himself. By the general consent of all healthy-minded men he was a culprit and traitor. The man after him most hated was the slacker, the man who refused to do his bit. In war time we realize that every man is needed. We see that every man can make a contribution to the public weal. When we see this we become sensitive to the sins of omission. When every one is needed, the man who holds aloof is the enemy of all. When a man hides his talent in the earth when the nation is crying for the use of it, men feel the need of a punishment as fearful as Jesus portrayed in His solemnizing parable. The teaching of Jesus concerning sins of omission has always seemed to many excessively severe. Sometimes it has been repudiated as irrational and atrocious. But in war time this teaching receives the sanction of our conscience. The only reason why we repudiate it in the days of peace is because we are not alive then to the criticalness of the contest, and fail to see the magnitude of the issues which are involved. When, however, we are grappling with a power like Germany, and realize that the destiny of the world depends upon the outcome, it is not difficult to see that the man who does nothing is a traitor to the world's cause. The

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slackers are a species of cowards. They are willing to enjoy the blessings won by the sweat of their brothers. They may have specious theories to justify themselves in the life of aloofness, but the majority of their fellows will always hold them in derision and contempt. In the day of battle no man can stand with folded arms. When the bugles of mankind sound the note of advance, woe to the man who stands still. When a great work is to be done, every man must shoulder his share of it. The man who refuses is a shirk. Shirking is one of the most despicable of all the sins. When the Government calls men to fight for justice and liberty, the man who begins to make excuses is a slacker. It is a sound instinct deep rooted in the human heart which sets mankind irrevocably against the man who does nothing.

If the war has warnings for us against the sins of the profiteer, the savage, and the slacker, it has much also to say to us concerning the sins of the braggart. We have never been noted as a people remarkable for meekness. No one has ever praised us because as a people we have the humble and the contrite heart. There is a great deal of Brag in our disposition. It is our nature to strut. We indulge freely in big talk, and when we compare ourselves with our neighbours, we are often foolish and sometimes insulting. Visiting strangers are usually impressed by our braggadocio. Foreign writers have long exploited our bumptiousness as one of our outstanding national traits. The war has

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taught us the ugliness of megalomania. The Prussian type is hideous to us, and to Europeans the American type is hideous too. Some sins reveal their intrinsic loathsomeness only when seen at a distance. We are too close to ourselves to realize the dimensions of our conceit, but having seen what conceit is in Germany we should take heed to our steps. A bragging people can never win the world's esteem. A strutting nation can never bring the world to Christ. A Republic with a swollen head can never lead humanity into the golden age. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. If we wish our Republic to influence the thought and shape the conduct of mankind, then we must walk humbly with God. Christ asked men to learn of Him, and He gave as the reason why they ought to learn of Him the fact that He was lowly of heart. He knew the innate vanity of the human soul. He understood how all history had been a tragedy because of the pride and arrogance of men. The love of domination was in His eyes abominable. He told His disciples to imitate the humility of a little child. The war has revealed to us the hideousness of conceit. It has shown us the fate of a people which deluded itself with the idea that it was God's chosen race. Nations are not chosen to rant or to strut. They are not ordained to be cock of the walk, or to rob their neighbours. They are anointed to imitate the example of Jesus, and to count it their supreme joy to serve others.

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Here then we find the war confirming Biblical teaching in regard to sin. It is a fact, as the Scripture says, that sin is a reproach to any people. Sin is repulsive, hideous, loathsome. The Bible says so. The war said, Amen! Sin is a mighty and destructive force in the universe. To overcome it we must put on the whole armour of God.

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XV

THE MISCHIEF-WORKING POWER OF ALCOHOL

ONE of the outstanding phenomena of the opening months of the great war was the swiftness with which the great governments branded Alcohol as a deadly foe. The men on whose shoulders had been rolled the fearful burden of national defense all feared alcohol as the foremost and most insidious of their enemies. With a unanimity which was remarkable, they believed that the army which drank the least would be the army which would win. Statesmen like Mr. Lloyd George said amazing things about the power and deadliness of drink. Generals in proclamations to their soldiers used the language of teetotalers and prohibitionists. Scientists of international reputation expressed their convictions in terms which gave delight to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Kings and Princes and Lords and Ladies gave up their wine and brandy to set a good example to the soldiers. It seemed strange to hear the lofty and mighty ones saying things which humble folk had been saying amid jeers for more than a generation. It had often

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seemed as though the wise and prudent cared nothing for temperance reform, and as though opposition to the liquor traffic was confined in most countries to babes. But when war blew her bugle, and every nation felt summoned to do her best, there was an instinctive revelation of the attitude of the human heart to humanity's age-long foe—Alcohol. For generations the leading nations of Christendom had had a vulture feeding on their vitals. For long years the use of alcohol had kept fountains of misery flowing. In every country the liquor traffic had fattened on the ruin of the souls and homes of men. On both sides of the Atlantic, all the social and industrial problems had been made more intricate and vexing by the hierarchy of Drink. The trail of the liquor serpent was over the world's life. Distillers and brewers counted their gains by the millions, and carried on a ceaseless propaganda sufficiently adroit to deceive even the elect. In the columns of influential newspapers there appeared from time to time editorials and contributions from men of distinction, setting forth the failure of all restrictive liquor legislation, and calling attention to the hygienic values of whiskey and wine and beer. Enemies of the saloon were always lampooned and ridiculed, and it was made to appear that every effort to curb the frightful ravages of Drink was a direct blow at human liberty, and a surrender of the fundamental principles of our Republic. Never has the world been so successfully bullied and cowed as by the men who have

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made fortunes in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks.

But when the world was suddenly summoned to put forth every ounce of her energy for the accomplishment of a stupendous task, there was a frank confession on the part of many who had hitherto kept silent that alcohol is a peril, and that men when they wish to do their best must let it alone.

As soon as our own Government entered the war, immediate steps were taken to safeguard our sailors and soldiers from the peril of drink. Not only were the old moral agencies strengthened, but new ones were created, for we said: What shall it profit America if she does help win the war if after the war we have a vast multitude of men who have been degraded and ruined by drink? The most drastic legislation was at once enacted, and it was made a crime for any one to sell or to give a soldier or sailor a glass of intoxicating liquor. This was indeed radical. It was a bold assault on personal liberty. It was a severe curtailment of the right which many had felt to be an inalienable part of America's inheritance. But the Government did not hesitate to deprive our soldiers and sailors of their traditional privileges. A critical hour had arrived and the Government confessed that Americans cannot be relied on when a great work is to be done unless they leave liquor alone. By its legislation our Republic clearly declared that alcoholic drinks are injurious and that it lies within the province of Government to withhold

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from men whatever obviously subtracts from their strength and incapacitates them for rendering to their country their largest service.

This is a far-reaching confession. If the Government can rightfully prohibit soldiers and sailors from drinking, then why has it not the right to prohibit every class of our population? Why should soldiers and sailors be discriminated against? If the right to drink alcohol is one of the rights of an American freeman, how dare our Government take from him this right? If she is justified in curtailing the privileges of the men who are fighting for her preservation, surely she has the right to curtail the privileges of the men who work in her factories and shops, in her cities and on the farms. And if alcohol is such a menace in time of war, it must be equally perilous in time of peace. If in war it reduces a man's efficiency, will it not do the same in peace? If in war it is the cause of demoralization which is intolerable, why should we submit to the demoralization which it brings in peace? A nation which is wise will do her utmost to keep the human physique at its best. Government owes it to the people to safeguard in every way the physical, mental and industrial life of the population, and if alcohol works havoc with the lives and homes of men, then a Government is recreant to its trust which in time of peace allows the liquor traffic to work its will.

It was discovered at the very start that no alcohol could be allowed anywhere near any of our cantonments and camps. Commanding of-

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ficers saw this, and said it publicly and often. Army discipline becomes impossible in the neighbourhood of saloons. Generals who had never been prohibitionists became believers in prohibition after a few months' experience.

A drunken man is always a pitiable sight, no matter who he is or how he is dressed. But many of us can pass a drunken man by without feeling a trace of sorrow. He does not belong to us. We do not know him. He is a part of another stratum of society. With careless eye we pass by on the other side. But with a man in uniform it is different. His uniform declares that he is a servant of the United States. He is in service at a critical and momentous time. He is called to duty when his country has special need of him. She needs him at his best. When we see this man reeling through the street, or seated on a curbstone in a drunken stupor, or when we hear him howling like a savage, and see him picking quarrels with every passer-by, we are overwhelmed with a sense of mingled shame and indignation. This man belongs to us. He is related to us. He and we have common responsibilities. He owes it to us to be a man. When he puts an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains, we feel personally outraged. He has wronged not only himself but us, and not us only but all the people of the land. No nation can win victories with drunken men. The flag can be held high only by men in complete possession of their powers. Many of us who never were shocked by the spectacle

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of a drunken man have been pierced through the heart by the sight of a drunken sailor or soldier. He seemed almost to belong to our own family. He was our brother, and his lamentable plight filled us with shame and sorrow.

We went into the war to win, and we could not win with men who were intoxicated. We needed sober men and we needed a lot of them. We needed more of them than we could get our eyes on. We made an investigation. We found that thousands of men were employed in distilleries and breweries and saloons. The aggregate turned out to be 749,000. We had never taken time to think of these men before. They lay outside the field of our immediate interest. But now we were eager to make use of our entire man-strength, and the size of this army of Americans engaged in the liquor traffic appalled us. They were doing nothing to help win the war. On the other hand, they were doing much to hold us back from victory. The liquor traffic stood before us in a new light. It is a traffic which wastes the lives not only of the men whom it makes drunkards, but it wastes the lives of those who carry it on. They add nothing to the moral wealth of humanity. They make no contribution to the brain power or the heart life of the Republic. All this became clear to us in the war. Never again will it be possible for us with quiet heart to allow three-quarters of a million Americans to squander their lives in the liquor business.

As the war proceeded we thought more and

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more of food. Europe was on the verge of starvation. The United States was called on for help. It became necessary for us to take stock of our resources. We had seldom done it before. We always knew that in Uncle Sam's house there was bread and to spare. But with a hungry world knocking at our door it became necessary to count the number of our loaves. We had to become economical. Even after various sacrifices, it was discovered that there was need of still greater ones. It was at this point that we scrutinized with wide open eyes the bushels of our grains and fruits; and to our consternation we discovered what a wastage of food materials there is in drink. When the figures were set before us we were at first unbelieving. It did not seem possible that so many thousands of tons of precious foodstuffs should be consumed every year to satisfy the insatiable appetite for drink.

Here then was a new indictment against the liquor traffic. We had known that it reduced the efficiency of soldiers and sailors. We had seen the havoc it wrought in shipyards and munition factories, in mills and in mines. We had been shamed and disgraced by the spectacle of drunken sailors and soldiers, but now we saw that the rumseller is the thief who takes away from hungry mouths the bread. We had heard occasionally of children going to bed hungry because their father spent all his earnings at the corner saloon. We had seen, now and then, the pallid faces of women who were under-

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nourished because their husbands did not furnish them enough to eat. But the tragedy took on a new meaning when Belgium stood at our door crying. A few women or a few groups of children had not been sufficient to tear our heart, but when a whole nation stood at our door beseeching us for bread, and we discovered that we could not give her as much as she needed because the brewers and distillers wanted it for themselves, the awful waste of the liquor traffic flashed on us with a new hideousness, and we began to realize what an awful price a nation pays for drink. When Congress passed the law prohibiting the sale of distilled liquor after July 1, 1919, and also the manufacture and sale of wine and beer after the same date until the end of demobilization, it was the most radical legislation which our Republic had known; but the people were heartily behind it. The war from the first day on had worked steadily for prohibition. The war was a school in which we have learned many lessons, and one of the most important of them all is the mischief-working power of alcohol. The world is increasingly insistent on efficiency, and we cannot have it with alcohol. The world is enthusiastic on the conservation of labour, and this is impossible so long as we have alcohol. The people of the United States are increasingly sick of the poverty and woe of our great cities. It has been demonstrated that a large proportion of this woe and poverty is due to alcohol. There is a growing civic conscience.

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We are not going to submit forever to the disgrace of the incompetent and corrupt city governments of the past. Politics have been vile largely because of the saloon. The saloon is the rendezvous of the assassins of Democracy. It is the loafing place for those who regard neither God nor man.

It was a great day when Americans got their eyes fairly focussed on the saloon. We now know what it is, and we know what is behind it. We know the power and the program of the distillers and brewers. We know the nationality of many of them, and their iniquitous schemings have been brought to the light. Nothing that has happened within the last two years can surpass in importance the disclosure which has been made of the character and policy of the Liquor Hierarchy. It had done its work in the darkness, but the darkness has been banished. We now know who these rum magnates are, and how they do their work.

It is because of this revelation of the temper and methods of the rum oligarchy that we now have national prohibition. Prohibition was coming, but probably it would not have come in our generation had it not been for the war. The war opened our eyes with a swiftness which would otherwise have been impossible. Most of us had been lukewarm on the subject of temperance reform. We did not know the extent and might of the liquor traffic, nor did we care. We did not know how many Germans were growing rich by the demoralization of America's

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social and political life, nor did we care. We did not know that there were in the country 300,000 saloons and liquor stores. We did not dream that there were 236 distilleries and 992 breweries. War turned the flash-light on all these, and they stood out clear and vivid, never to be forgotten. We did not know the extent to which these rum kings had bribed and browbeaten legislators. We did not know the ties which bind the press and the liquor traffic together. It was fortunate that Congress was able to compel a famous newspaper proprietor in Washington City to confess that his paper had been financed by the brewers. Never again can that man write convincing editorials on the blessings and virtues of beer. The eyes of the nation are at last open. They were opened by the war. In order to go over the top in the great war it was necessary to put the liquor traffic in chains. The people will never forget that America is bound to go over the top in peace, and to do it she must abolish the saloon.

That is what she has decided to do. The greatest event in the war, as future ages will see it, was the passage by the greatest of the world's republics of a Prohibition Amendment to its constitution. No such step was ever taken before in the history of the world by a free people. It was not taken thoughtlessly, or in a moment of excitement. It was the deliberate action of a thoughtful people at last in possession of the facts.

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The greatness of the step has been hidden from many by the liquor propaganda still carried on in many of our papers. The old fallacies and lies are still being repeated, but they will avail nothing. The liquor traffic will not lie down and give up the ghost without a struggle. It will rave and rage for many a year. Like the demon spoken of in the New Testament, it will tear the victim before it comes out. But come out it will. The people have decreed it. The people will not go back. Dr. Arthur Dean Bevan, president of the American Medical Association, spoke for the sane and informed section of the American people when he said: "When drink has once been done away with it could be no more resurrected after the war than could slavery. There can be no doubt of the injurious effects of alcoholic drinks on both the physical and mental well-being of our population. We must organize the entire nation in the most efficient way possible, and this cannot be done without eliminating drink."

All the arguments in defense of the liquor traffic are fallacious. When the hirelings of the brewers write in the papers that national prohibition violates the laws of nature, they refer to the nature of the German brewers. When they say that it destroys the liberty of people in their homes, they forget that it is liberty which has been destroyed in many homes lo these many years. We want more liberty in America, and that is why the liquor traffic must go. So long as it remains thousands of our people must

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be slaves. We want all our women to be free. But how can a woman be free who has a drunken husband? We want our children to be free, but how can they be free to play in safety with saloons on every corner through whose open doors there may reel at any moment a man demonized by rum? We want release from some of the burdens which the saloon has imposed upon us. We want to get rid of some of the chains which the brewers have forged around our wrists. We want to get out of the prison into which the lords of Drink have thrust us. No nation can be free which is lorded over by an oligarchy of distillers and brewers. The world is enjoying a new birth of freedom. We are going to set ourselves free from the saloon.

When it is said that all prohibitory legislation only makes violators and evaders of the law, the reply is that this is a confession that the men who now deal in liquor have no regard for the expressed will of the people. We knew that before. It is advantageous to have it frankly confessed by the culprits themselves. The Rum Hierarchy do not know what law is. Its conscience is thoroughly Prussian, all legislative enactments are only scraps of paper. Let no one imagine that when under prohibition liquor dealers become violators and evaders of the law they are doing any new thing. From the beginning they have trampled every law under their feet, in every community in which sentiment was not strong enough to make lawlessness on their part dangerous. These men

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who talk about the futility of any attempt to enforce the expressed will of the people are not true Americans. They are traitors to the principles of democracy, and the country would be better off without them. Nor is it true, as is often said, that the liquor question is merely a local matter. It is a national matter. We all saw its national character during the war. We shall not lose sight of it now that peace has come. To win the war it was necessary for the entire nation to put its foot on drink; it must keep its foot there forever.

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XVI

THE CERTAINTY OF HARVEST

IT is a memorable saying of St. Paul: "Be not deceived: God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The law of retribution is written in vivid characters across the pages of the Bible. From first to last the Scriptures assert that God is merciful and gracious, keeping mercy for thousands, but that He will by no means clear the guilty, and will visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children and upon the children's children unto the third and to the fourth generation. Prophets and apostles all saw with great distinctness that the soul that sins shall die, and that only fools make a mock at sin.

The war has taught us that what the Bible says about the punishment of sin is true. It has confirmed the idea of Paul that we are under the law of seed growth, and that the character of the harvest depends entirely on the character of the seed we sow. We have seen in the years of war appalling illustrations of what Christ meant by Gehenna, and not soon will it be easy for thoughtful men to make light of the Christian doctrine of retribution.

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Science agrees with Christianity in its emphasis on the inexorableness of law. The conception of a universe governed according to law is the dominant scientific idea of our age. No realm in the physical universe is lawless. Of this science is certain; and the Christian believer is equally certain that the spiritual universe is also governed according to law. Persons as well as atoms are in the grip of laws they cannot escape. Groups of men as well as masses of matter are bound by bonds which cannot be broken. There are principles built into the physical universe which cannot be defied without confusion; there are principles embedded in the structure of human society which must be obeyed if mankind is to escape disaster. Science has made it impossible for us to believe that any event is without a cause. She will not allow us to think of any phenomenon which is not related to something which went before it. When therefore a great war lays waste the earth, we cannot think of it as coming either by accident or by chance. Both of these have been banished from the minds of men who are abreast with the times. When the earth is darkened at noon by an eclipse we know how to explain it. When a huge shadow falls across the heart of mankind we are sure there must be an explanation. When the earth is deluged with a flood we find out the reasons for it; when the earth is swept by a deluge of blood and tears we know this also must be according to law. There was a time when the Black Plague swept

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millions of Europeans into the grave. Science had no rest until she had found the cause of the plague. War has recently swept eight millions of men into the grave, and the reason for it must be sought for, and when found pondered. We have during four years looked upon a wonderful spectacle—a whole continent bristling with armed men. If we should see an entire continent suddenly bring forth a vast harvest of briars and thorns, we should know at once that it was because of what men had put into the soil. When we see a continent bringing forth a harvest of twenty-five million armed men, covering the fields and the mountainsides, we are certain that some sower has been sowing seed, and that the howitzers and bayonets are of the nature of a harvest.

Here then is a fact to begin with. This war did not happen by chance. It was not a bad streak of luck. It was not a fortuitous concourse of steel atoms. It was not the haphazard stumbling of a gawky world into a ditch. The war came according to law. The seed had been planted and the war came up.

The war was not an accident. The nations were not climbing the slippery slope of the Matterhorn of civilization, the foot of one of them accidentally slipping, and dragging with it all the others to perdition. This war was not a mere slip of the tongue or of the foot. The war was the effect of a cause. Certain seed had been planted and cultivated, and the harvest was the war.

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The war was not due to fate. There was a superstition current in the ancient world to the effect that all things are in the grip of a law which compels men to be what they are and events to happen as they do. According to this superstition nobody is responsible for what he does, and nobody can be justly censured for what comes to pass. It is a superstition which still lingers in circles which are belated. It has been taught in high places that this war was an irrepressible conflict, a tragedy which human wisdom and foresight could not have prevented. It is the foppery of certain schools of shallow thinkers that when we are sick in fortune, our disasters are due to the sun, the moon and the stars, "as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; and all that we are evil in by a divine thrusting on." Most of us have outgrown this primitive form of folly. The war was not due to fate. It was the creation of men endowed with moral freedom. Men by their deliberate choice sowed the fields of Europe with certain seeds, and there came up at last this tragedy.

Nor was the war the cunningly devised instrument of the Almighty which He thrust into the hand of mankind at the beginning of August, 1914. The Father of Jesus Christ does not thrust the sword into the hands of nations ambitious for a larger place in the sun. It is not His desire to build up in men gentle and loving dispositions by exercising them in the art of human butchery. Jabbing bayonets into

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the abdomens of boys, putting out their eyes, shattering their jaws, tearing off their legs and arms, crushing their skulls, strangling them with poisonous gases, scalding them with liquid fire, drowning them in the ocean, blowing to tatters the bodies of women and children—these things are not planned in heaven. They are not a part of the curriculum presented by the Infinite Mercy for the education of mankind. They are the harvest of a certain type of planting. They are the fruit which comes in the autumn as the result of work done in the spring.

The only rational explanation of the war is that it was retribution. It was the penalty of violated law. Nations had long trampled on the principles of the Almighty, and the result was that the world was beaten with many stripes. Nations had defied the revealed will of the Eternal, and for this they were cast into hell. Some of us had grown facetious over the language of the New Testament, concerning the weeping and the gnashing of teeth. We put down all that was said concerning the outer darkness and the fire as poetic and figurative, pictures of the oriental fancy with no grim realities corresponding to them. The war has taught us that the New Testament figures of speech stand for something. God is not mocked. He refuses to clear the guilty. It is evident that whatever a nation sows, that it also reaps. It has been demonstrated before our eyes that one kind of sowing leads to corruption, and that another kind leads to life.

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We can confirm the testimony of an ancient observer, and say with him that "the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." We can no longer doubt that there is retribution for nations as well as individuals, for we have seen many nations slide into Gehenna, and the smoke of their torment has gone up before our eyes day and night. Dante never painted pictures so horrible as the great war has painted on the retina of the world's eye forever.

"Whence come wars?" asks a New Testament writer, and he answers it in a way which can never be improved. "Ye lust and have not: ye kill, and are jealous and cannot obtain." In other words, men fight because they are greedy. Other men have what they themselves desire to possess, and they attempt to take it from them by force. Steam and electricity opened up the whole world for commercial exploitation. The steamship and the railroad laid Africa and Asia at the feet of the leading nations of Europe. These nations were seized with a great desire to cut up these continents and use them for their own ends. Great Britain and France and Holland took possession of large districts in eastern Asia, and later on Germany came in demanding her share. France and Great Britain, Belgium and Italy took possession of large districts in Africa. Germany came in demanding her share. Africa and Asia were luscious melons. The time had come to cut them, and every great nation

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wanted a huge slice. When the slices were distributed, Germany was not satisfied. She had succeeded in grasping only a few of the scraps. All the nations were rivals, eager for markets, hungry for concessions. They were jealous of one another. They did not trust one another. At first simply competitors, they degenerated into foes. To safeguard their interests they felt it necessary to support huge armies and navies. Every nation was armed to the teeth. The policy of armed peace became the policy of all. But this led to a rivalry in armaments. Each nation tried to surpass its neighbours in the extent and efficiency of its military and naval equipment. The masses of steel and explosives were annually increased. In 1913 Germany was spending on her army and navy $400,225,000. France was spending on her army and navy $404,325,000. Great Britain was spending $244,000,000 on her navy and $141,000,000 on her army—$385,000,000 on both. Russia was spending on her army and navy $513,900,000, while the United States was spending on navy and army $242,273,000. Five Christian nations were spending in time of peace over two billions of dollars for the avowed purpose of preventing war. The nations moved to and fro in heavy armour. This armour irritated the nation that wore it, and exasperated all of its neighbours. Taxpayers grew increasingly restless, and the world groaned under a burden too heavy to be borne.

In order to quiet the world's mind and

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make the common people submissive to their lot, the pedants got to work and devised a theory which asserted that armed peace is according to the divine intention, that universal military drill is the best of all educations, and that there is nothing so beautiful as a nation in arms! It was laid down as axiomatic that government is founded on force, that war is not only necessary but beautiful, and that being both noble and necessary it is the supreme business of the State to prepare for it. This is the philosophy of militarism. It was held and loudly proclaimed by powerful groups in every one of the European nations, and also in our own, but nowhere was it taught with such passionate enthusiasm, or received with such general approbation as in Germany. The German mind is nothing if not thorough, and seizing the primary assumptions of the militaristic philosophy, she dared to carry them out to their logical conclusions. The classic of Militarism is Bernhardi's "World Power or Downfall." Once accept his assumptions, and there is no escape from his conclusions.

It was in the summer of 1895 that I made my first trip to Europe, spending a hundred days in visiting ten different countries. For the first time I had my eyes opened to the condition of Europe, and found myself face to face with the militaristic philosophy and practice. An intense interest in the whole problem was at once created in me, and my fears were deeply aroused. I felt I had gotten my eyes on the open sore

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of the world. I entered with zest upon a prolonged study of European politics. Militarism in all its phases became from that year the field of my constant thought and study. From time to time I crossed the Atlantic, making fresh observations, and extending my investigations. The further I went the greater my alarm. The schemings of the rings of munition makers, the frenzied tactics of the Navy Leagues, the poisoned propaganda carried on by unscrupulous journalists, the wild talk of insolent jingoes in every capital, all these pointed to a storm which threatened to overwhelm the world. The sordid selfishness of the whole European political life was appalling, and the rottenness of the entire military system was disgusting. Europe was in the clutches of a giant which I felt certain was sweeping her toward destruction. In 1912 it was my privilege to spend eight months in Europe, giving me unusual opportunities for observation and reflection. I came home early in 1913 with a heavy heart. In a lecture recounting the experiences of my trip, and delivered on various occasions in different parts of the country, I said this:

"As has been my custom on all my former trips to Europe through twenty years, I gave chief attention to the problem of militarism. I have studied it now face to face, in every country of Europe, and I came home this time more convinced than ever that modern militarism is materialism in its deadliest incarnation, that it is commercialism in its most voracious and piti-

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less development, that it is atheism in its most seductive and devastating form, that it is the most colossal of all extant humbugs, the most gigantic swindle since Tetzel sold indulgences. I am persuaded that the militaristic hierarchy is the most treacherous and despotic and dangerous enemy that has lorded it over the nations since the power of Rome was shattered, and that unless the Christian Church puts on the whole armour of God and goes out united to make war upon this Goliath that struts in armour plate and boasts of bayonets and lyddite shells, it renounces the mission to which it has been called, and surrenders its position as Christ's anointed leader and Saviour of mankind." A year later the war came.

The great war, then, was the result of a policy, and that policy was the product of a philosophy—a set of conceptions, a system of ideas, which men had been industriously sowing through more than a generation. The ideas were born in hearts that were greedy and selfish. They were promulgated by men whose eyes had been blinded by the god of this world. Why should we wonder that Europe was at last overwhelmed? How was it possible for her to escape? The marvel is that she escaped so long. The fact that the war did not come till 1914 is another of the many exhibitions of the amazing patience of God.

But persistent and outrageous defiance of the laws of justice and of mercy will, unless repented of, bring down at last the fire of heaven.

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"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small:
Though with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all."

The man who stands to-day looking out across a devastated world can exclaim in the words of Paul: "Behold then the goodness and severity of God: toward them that fell severity; but toward thee, God's goodness, if thou continue in his goodness; otherwise thou also shalt be cut off."

We are living in a moral universe. We cannot do as we please. We cannot sin with impunity. Nations cannot listen to false guides and teachers without falling into the ditch. The harvest depends on the seed. We are under the government of a God of mercy, and therefore He will not allow a soldier to be placed on every peasant's back. He is a God of justice, and therefore He will not allow the proceeds of men's labour to be squandered indefinitely on the elaborate apparatus of blood. He is a God of good will, and therefore He will not permit nations to strut in shining armour, or to exert so-called diplomatic pressure on their neighbours by compelling them to look into the mouths of guns. He is a friend of all men, and His purpose is to build up a reign of love, and therefore He will not forever tolerate the demoralizing policy of incessant military drill, or give His blessing to a nation which prides itself on being a nation in arms. "I hate your military paraphernalia. I take no delight

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in your army and navy maneuvers. Take away from me the noise of your target practice. Let justice roll down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream." This is what the Eternal has been saying. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

But how can we escape the bondage and peril of armed peace? There is only one way of escape, and that is through world-organization. The war has demonstrated the utter helplessness of unarmed nations in the midst of nations which are armed. If any nations are to be armed, then all nations must be armed. There should be no arms except those which are in the hands of an international police. Nations must learn how to reason together. Nations must listen to the words of Jesus. Nations must have the law of Christ written on their hearts. Christ is not simply a Galilean peasant, with sweet suggestions and bits of mild advice. The government of the world is on His shoulder. He is the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. His words are commands. They who trample on them are doomed. His will is a stone. He that falls on this stone shall be broken to pieces, and on whomsoever it shall fall, it will scatter him as dust.

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XVII

A TOO LATE

OF all the parables of Jesus none is more vivid and picturesque than the parable of the Ten Virgins. Once heard it can never be forgotten. It sticks to the mind like a burr. The artists have always loved it. From the beginning they have delighted to put it on the canvas, and to spread it on the walls of churches and cathedrals. In the middle ages it formed one of the most popular of all the religious plays. There was no audience which was not solemnized by the fate of the foolish girls who lost their chance to see the wedding. The parable was told nineteen hundred years ago and it has not yet lost its grip upon the imagination. Its colours have not faded. Its oriental form does not mar it. Our marriage customs have departed widely from those of ancient Palestine, but this parable with all its foreign imagery seems to be a part of the world in which we live. The customs and stage settings have changed, but the human actors remain the same. We no longer have the Palestinian processions and torches, but we have the same human impulses and frailties, and we are in need of the same old lessons.

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The parable needs no explanation. That shut door needs no commentary. That pleading cry of the disappointed maidens demands no emphasizing word. The idea which the parable drives deep into the heart is that a door once shut may refuse to open, that we are living in a universe in which it is possible to be everlastingly too late.

This lesson is written large in the New Testament, and it is vivid also in the Old. In the first book of the Bible stands the old story of Esau and his birthright and the mess of pottage, and no other Bible story has gotten a more tenacious grip on the world's heart than that one. Hebrew fathers through successive generations repeated that story to their children, warning them of the peril of losing something which they never can regain. Nearly two thousand years after the time of Esau, his figure was still fresh to the imagination of the Jewish people, and a Christian writer of the first century, desiring to warn church members of the peril of losing an opportunity which will not return, holds up before them Esau knocking at a door which refuses to open. Esau longed for his lost birthright, but could not get it. He sought for a place of repentance, but though he sought it with tears, it could not be found. Religion has but one language—"Now is the acceptable time, now is the day of salvation." Prophets and apostles and our Lord Himself all unite in warning us against the humiliation and loss which befalls those who by the neglect of

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present duties come up at last to a crisis for which they are not prepared. There is no tragedy more awesome than the tragedy of the shut door.

The parable of the Virgins is kept fresh and up to date by the daily experience of mankind. We cannot forget it because life repeats it in constantly changing forms. Each generation is obliged to learn the lesson afresh, that there is such a thing as a too late. To each one of us, sooner or later, the solemn lesson is imparted. We start out in life heedless and jubilant, confident that we are able to do all that our heart desires. The days are long and the years are interminable, and we have no fear of a closing door. Multitudes of doors stand wide open, and we can enter the door of our choice. If, perchance, a door should be closed, we are sure we could open it again.

But as life advances, we discover that doors have a fashion of closing, and that many of them when once closed cannot be opened again. We did not learn a foreign language in our teens. We were careless and postponed it to some future day. When in middle life we turned to that language, we were appalled to discover we were too late. The door was shut, and though we made strenuous efforts to push it open, our efforts were vain. We could with painful difficulty learn to read it a little, but to learn to speak it was beyond our power. That door was shut. When we were young we failed to master the piano, or the organ, or the violin,

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or the harp. Musical instruments lay all about us, and we felt we could take up one of them later on. But when the convenient season arrived we were in middle life, and our teacher frankly told us it was too late. The door was shut. There was no room for repentance. In the days of our youth we shunned the drudgery of exercises in singing or speaking. Later on our ambition awoke, and we wanted to become a master of speech or of song. We envied great speakers and singers, and wanted to be with them. The door was shut and we could not go in.

The most amazing feature of the war in 1914 was that nobody seemed to want it. It pushed itself upon the stage in spite of the protests of the nations which engaged in it. No one can truly say that the peoples of Europe wanted it. The peoples of Europe more than the peoples of any other continent knew what war is, and therefore they shrank in horror from it. The common man has no desire to engage in human slaughter. He hates war. He wants to stay at home with his wife and children. Nor did the rulers desire war. That was certainly true of Emperor Franz Joseph. He was an old man standing on the verge of the grave. It was with sorrow that he consented to enter a war he was powerless to prevent. The Emperor of Russia was not a warrior. He had no love for carnage. His face proclaimed to the world that he was a peace lover. He tried to escape the war, but failed. The President of France, and the King

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of Belgium, and the King of England were all men of peace. Every one of them abhorred war, and did his utmost to save his country from the awful scourge. The only crowned head of Europe who has ever been accused by any one of desiring the war was the Kaiser. But here we move in a region in which everything is disputed. Ever since 1914 stories have been coming out of Germany declaring that the Kaiser himself went into the war with reluctance, driven forward by forces he was impotent to control.

A careful study of the official documents issued in 1914 by the various governments is sufficient to prove that the statesmen of Europe did not desire the war. Many of them made earnest and repeated efforts to ward it off. In every country, including Germany, there were men in high places whose heart was set upon peace, and who made an honest struggle to save Europe from the impending disaster. Among the company of those who worked hardest for peace, Sir Edward Grey holds the most prominent place. He seemed likely to succeed. He was apparently on the point of succeeding. If he could have had forty-eight hours more it looks as though he might have succeeded. But in every country the effort turned out to be too late. In reading the story of those fateful days in July, one always feels that if this thing or that thing had only been done a day sooner, then the whole outcome would have been different. But every effort, no matter by whom

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made, was made in vain. Some mighty and invisible power seemed to have shut the door of the palace of peace, and it was impossible for kings or diplomats or peoples to open it.

Here then is one of the most amazing and thrilling spectacles in the history of the world, a continent sliding into the most horrible of all wars, every nation loudly protesting that it unsheathed the sword against its will. When did Alexander or Hannibal or Cæsar or Tiglath-Pileser or Ramses or Napoleon ever say: "I am fighting, but my heart is not in it. I would escape if I could"? It was reserved for the twentieth century to behold rulers driving their chariots of war to the field of blood not guided by their own judgment, but coerced by a mysterious power in whose grip they were helpless. When their eyes opened on the abyss into which they were plunging, they all wanted to turn back. It was too late.

Why was it too late? Because men through forty years had been preparing for war. The nations had neglected every warning. Prophet after prophet had been sent, saying: "You are on the road that leads to destruction," but not one of the prophets had been heeded. They had all been pelted with slander and ridicule. They were called pacifists, and the name was uttered with a hiss. Events one after another, like so many John the Baptists endeavouring to make straight the paths of the Lord, had come out to warn the nations of their peril, but to the teaching of every event the world's ear was

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deaf. The Algeciras crisis came and went. It is amazing Europe could not see what it meant. The Agadir crisis came and went. It had a deep and ominous significance, but Europe gave no heed. The increasing bitterness of the journalists, the increasing greed of the munition makers, the increasing frenzy of the militarists, and the increasing discontent in the hearts of the masses, should have caused all statesmen to set their house in order, to mobilize all the forces of the nations for turning their feet into a different path, but Europe went on, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the flood came. It is the plain and emphatic teaching of the physical world that you can put off a needed action too long. You can fail to pay attention to a cough until the best doctor in the town will say when consulted: "You are too late." The cancer may be allowed to eat into the flesh day after day until the greatest of the experts is obliged to tell the patient: "It is too late." A man who is the victim of a vice may stagger along the downward way squandering the substance of his will at every step, until at last he begins to say to every one who tries to check him in his course—"It is too late." In every life there comes a day on which there is found no place of repentance even though one seeks it diligently with tears.

The attempt of Sir Edward Grey to improvise a tribunal for the purpose of saving Europe from shipwreck is one of the most pathetic events in history. His ability was great, his

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aim was high, his good will was genuine and passionate. If any man in the world could have succeeded he was the man. But he failed. He was too late. He and other statesmen of Europe ought to have devised the necessary international machinery long before. In time of peace they ought to have worked day and night for the securing of a larger and deeper peace. But the whole world was in bondage to a false maxim—"In time of peace prepare for war," and so when the clock struck, the machinery of war was all ready, and the machinery of peace was frail and inadequate. No nation had given itself whole-heartedly in the days of peace to safeguarding the world against the calamity which was daily threatening it. Furious efforts were made every year to increase the number of the guns and the shells and the ships, and only occasional and half-hearted attempts were made by those in authority to get the world's life into a different channel. When at last a genuine effort was put forth to devise the necessary machinery, it was too late. The wind was blowing a hurricane, and nothing improvised on the spur of the moment could stand in that fearful gale. The firing of the shot in the street of Serajevo had released forces which took the direction of events out of diplomatic hands. Diplomats are mighty if they act in time: if they procrastinate too long, God tosses them aside paralyzed and disgraced. If they seize the opportunity when it is offered, they are masters of events, but if they let the opportunity slip

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they are as so many straws on the surface of a raging stream. It is too late to stop a glacier after it has broken loose from its mountain moorings. No matter what devastation it may work, it will go on until it reaches the destination which has been determined for it by the interaction of the forces of the world. The boat on the Niagara River which ventures too close to the falls will go over, no matter what its occupants wish or do. There was a time when the boat was their willing servant. It was for them to determine in what direction it should go. But having allowed it to pass a fateful point, its management is taken over by the river, and after that human strength and skill are of no avail. An automobile plunging over the palisades passes at once out of the control of the chauffeur. The heavier and the more magnificent the car, the more speedily is it dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

Everybody knows that there are times when wishes are useless and when prayers count for nothing. God has told us in our experience that it is sometimes too late to pray. When a man is plunging over a precipice it is then too late to pray that he may not fall. When the dam has broken it is too late to pray that the water may not run down the hill. When the fire is leaping from doors and windows, it is too late to ask God to save the house.

There were good men and women in August, 1914, who felt that even then Europe might be saved by prayer. The glacier had begun to

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move, but some imagined that prayer would stop it in its course. The reservoir had broken, but some fancied that by seeking repentance with tears the rushing waters might be held back. The chariot of European civilization had tumbled over the precipice, but there were those who dared to think that by prayers and wishes the chariot could be kept from going to the bottom.

The war has burned into the human mind the appalling truth that it is possible to be too late. We can sin away our day of grace, and so also can nations. Rome reached a day when it was impossible to save her. Europe arrived at a point where rescue became impossible. The uselessness of wishes, the futility of prayers, the bootlessness of regrets, all these have been revealed in the fire of the great war. It is not enough to wish that peace may be preserved. It is not enough to regret that war has laid waste the earth. Neither wishes nor regrets suspend the penalty which awaits the man or nation who is too late. Prayer is efficacious within certain limits. We shall pray with greater efficiency when we learn to pray according to law. God does not allow us to substitute prayer for work. Europe was not a prayerless continent. Possibly from no other continent in the world did so many prayers ascend daily as from the continent which slid into the lake of fire. There is a point beyond which prayer has no efficacy. It becomes mere sound and fury signifying nothing.

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If we are wise we shall go to work at once to make the recurrence of this world tragedy impossible. We have tried the experiment of piling up explosives, and we now know that after the pile has reached a certain height, there is an explosion. We have tried the experiment of multiplying guns, and we have found out that after a certain number has been reached the guns belch death. We have recklessly driven along a dangerous road insufficiently protected from the chasms on both sides, and the time has arrived for us at an enormous expense of thought and gold to make the road safe for our descendants.

Now is the acceptable time to take in hand the work of world organization. Now is the day when it is possible to work out the world's salvation. This generation has a preparedness of heart for creating schemes of world government which the generation which comes after us will not possess. Experience has taught us as it has taught no preceding generation, the incalculable loss which follows the neglect of duty clearly seen. Every man with eyes saw that the world was moving in a direction that was wrong. Every man who believed that the New Testament contains a revelation of God's character and will was certain that the political philosophy of our day was false, and that the program of political action in the realm of international life was under the condemnation of heaven. But we allowed the world to drift. We kept our hearts calm by our hopes. We

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hoped that all things would come out for the best. We hoped that in some way or other a sudden change would take place. Our wishes were fervent and noble. Our prayers were frequent and honest. We postponed doing the one thing which was essential. We did not organize the political life of the world. We did not make a drive for a closer federation of the Great Powers. We did not spend either our time or our money in creating the political machinery by which the passions of nations could be held in check.

We now see our error. We know just where we failed. We are still bleeding from the wounds we received from a God who chastens men who are dilatory and do not arrive at appointed destinations on time. The work of our generation has been blocked out for us. We are to create a new political world. We are to federate all the nations. We are called to sweeten the springs of international good-will, and also to create channels through which these waters of life may flow. The League of Nations is a dream in the hearts of idealists. At a great price it must be worked into political machinery. It is a city of God high up in the clouds. It is coming down, and all good men should unite in hastening its coming.

The human race entered a new era of happiness and freedom, when near the end of the eighteenth century a few intrepid souls wrote the Constitution of the United States. The work was done in the midst of innumerable

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difficulties and obstacles, and with many fears and misgivings. But the Government then created has become a beacon light to all the world. The men who created the American Republic wrote their names on the roll of the Immortals. There must be a United States of Europe, and there must be a United States of the world. Nations belong together, since God has made of one all the inhabitants of the earth, and this oneness of life must be given expression in laws and customs and institutions. The nations are already leagued in many ways in thought and feeling and action, and this work of federation must be carried further in order that friction may be reduced, and good-will may have new instruments through which it may find expression. They are poor counsellors who say: "Let us put this League of Nations in the future. Let us settle more pressing problems, and allow this colossal problem to wait." No, it must not wait. Now is the time to create the Parliament of Man, the federation of the world. A wide door has been opened. We must enter before it is too late.

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XVIII

THE PLACE OF DEATH

THERE are many strange notions in the heads of people who never go to church, and one of the strangest is that preachers are never so happy as when they are preaching about death. There is a curious delusion in the hearts of persons who do not read the Bible. They imagine that the Bible is a book which is concerned chiefly about death. They think this probably because they have been at a funeral at which the minister read something out of the Bible. Death and the Bible become associated forever afterward in their thoughts. Men and women who know little of the Christian religion often imagine that the chief aim of religion is to prepare men for death. They do not like religion because it suggests a graveyard. They have no desire to become religious, because in that case it would be necessary for them to meditate often on death.

These are pathetic errors. They are the creation of an ignorant fancy, specters that prey on uninstructed hearts. What all such persons need is information. They are the victims of delusions. They walk in darkness when the

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light is all around them. Preachers preach seldom about death. Their great theme is life. It is not life in some other world, but in this world. Every preacher gives the bulk of his time and thought to life in this world. Death is only incidental in his thinking. The Bible is the sanest and healthiest of all books. There is not a morbid chapter in it. There is no brooding, no moping, no whimpering. There are no paragraphs devoted to cemeteries. There are no soliloquizings over the mystery of death. From first to last the Bible is free from sickly moods, and it looks into the face of death without a moan or tremor.

Christianity is the religion of Jesus, and Jesus seldom referred to death. He did not like the word. He preferred the word sleep. That was the softest and sweetest word within His reach, and so He used it. When He spoke of Himself He said: "I am the life," and when He expressed the purpose of His coming into the world He said: "I am come that you may have life, and have it more abundantly." The theme on which He loved to talk was life, and to fill human life fuller of peace and power and joy was His supreme ambition.

The religion of Jesus Christ assumes that death is a part of God's plan for man. It does not dwell upon it or magnify it. It quietly assumes it, and goes on to deal with more important matters. Even in the upper chamber on the last night, Jesus did not dwell upon death. His disciples were all thinking about it,

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but He was not. He was thinking of the life which His disciples were going to live in this world. He assumed that death is but an incident, a transitory event in the career of the spirit. It is a circumstance which has a place in the journey from the cradle to the grave. It is a fleeting experience which every soul must pass through. It is a cup of which every mortal must drink. Death is assumed, but never magnified. It is mentioned, but never elaborated. It is glanced at, but never dwelt on. Jesus' mind was always intent on life.

It was because of Jesus' love of life that He looked upon death as an enemy. It was an enemy, however, which is not to be feared. Its power is imaginary, not real. Its horror is fictitious and not genuine. When He sent His disciples out to preach He knew that they would be afraid of being killed, but He told them to have no fear of death. That was an enemy of which they need take no account. He set Himself against the traditional attitude of the world. The world had always exaggerated the power and terror of death. He would acknowledge neither. He Himself went fearlessly to the cross, and He said to His disciples: "Follow me." He breathed this intrepid and triumphant spirit into all who came near Him. Paul expresses the innermost feeling of the Christian believer when he says: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Jesus had no fear of death and no shrinking

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from it because He knew that it cannot harm us and that the soul can make use of it for advancing the purposes of God. A man has the privilege of giving his life for a great cause. It is possible to advance a moral principle by dying for it. The life of the world may be sweetened and purified by death. It is a glorious thing then to die for others. Dying for others takes away the sting of death and gives it an eternal splendour. When Jesus thought of His own death, He always thought of the things which His death would accomplish. The Son of Man, He said, had come to give His life a ransom for many. He could not fear or hate death when He knew that by His death He was going to give liberty to millions. Moreover, death gave Him an opportunity to reveal what was in Him. He had spoken much of sacrificial love, but sacrificial love cannot be expressed completely in words. A man can show the deepest that is in him only by dying. Devotion, loyalty, fidelity, all these reach their highest form of beauty and impressiveness in the willingness to lay down one's life. "Greater love has no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends." Jesus had loved His disciples. He had shown this love in word and deed. He was willing to show it in a still higher and more convincing way. He was ready to die for them. It was by His death that He expected to make an unfading impression on the hard heart of the world. His words had proved largely ineffective. He had sowed the seed, but some of

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it had been devoured by the birds, some had fallen in stony places, and others had been choked by the thorns. He had lived a brave and loving life, but even this had made only a feeble impression on the masses of His countrymen. He was not, however, discouraged. One more resource remained to Him. He could do more than teach, and act; He could die. By dying He could accomplish what could not be achieved either by teaching or working miracles. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Death to Him is a form of power. It is a force which God makes use of in the development of the world.

And so Jesus was not made gloomy by the thought of His death. He greeted it as an opportunity to help mankind. When Peter cried out in protest against the thought of Jesus dying, Jesus reminded him that he was thinking and feeling like a man of the world, and had not yet risen to the viewpoint of a man who understands the nature of life and death, and who has entered into the plans of God. He was ready to die even the death of the cross, the most horrible form of death which the imagination at that time was able to conceive, for He was certain that by His death the purposes of God would be forwarded, and that His life would enter in fuller and richer ways into the mind and heart of mankind.

Joyful Himself, it was His desire to keep the hearts of His followers jubilant. In order to help them rejoice, He told them to think often

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of His death. They were to take bread as the symbol of His broken body, and wine as the symbol of His poured-out blood. They were to do this in remembrance of Him. By doing this they would commemorate His death until He returned.

The Christian Church has kept alive through nineteen hundred years this estimate of the death of Jesus. When Christians think of Jesus' dying, they do not think of His death with sadness, but with gratitude and joy. The tragedy of Golgotha does not depress them, but lifts them up and helps them sing. It is amazing that death even in the hideous form of crucifixion has lost its ugliness for the man who is genuinely Christian. It is a miracle of God's grace that makes it possible for millions of men and women around the earth to sing with glowing hearts:

> "In the cross of Christ I glory,
> Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
> All the light of sacred story
> Gathers round its head sublime."

The great war has brought us into a more Christian attitude to the experience which overtakes us all at last. The whole world is more Christian in its thought of death than it was five years ago. War, like the New Testament, assumes that death is a part of the Eternal plan. There can be no war without death. When the military bugles blow death is immediately assumed as an experience which cannot be

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escaped. No man can be a soldier without at once admitting death into the circle of his daily thoughts. A soldier expects to face death. To face it is a part of the army and navy program. A general making his plans for a battle always calculates the number of the dead. He assumes that thousands must be sacrificed. His only questions are: Where shall the sacrifices be made, and to what extent may they be wisely carried?

Men in service look upon death as an incident. In times of fighting it is the most common of all the incidents of the crowded days. Soldiers see their fellows die on the right and on the left, and are not daunted by it. This is only incidental. This is a part of the day's work. This must be expected if the victory is to be won. In a bloody campaign men get used to death. It is as common and natural as eating. Companies will proceed unhesitatingly into a woods where the preceding company an hour ago was annihilated. A regiment will march with unfaltering step along a road made slippery with the blood of the regiment which went on before it. War adopts the New Testament assumption that death is not of cardinal importance, it is an incident, an experience, which the soul meets on its progress toward a goal.

Soldiers look upon death as an enemy to be conquered. They put death beneath their feet. No soldier counts himself to have been perfected until he has reached the point where he is ready to die. "I'll see you again some day

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on Broadway," said an American in France to a British aviator. "No you won't," was the swift reply. "We go over once and come back, and maybe twice, and possibly three or four times, but the time will come when we shall not come back. We all count ourselves dead men." That man had already conquered death. There was nothing more for him to fear.

War makes use of death for definite ends. Men are not sacrificed aimlessly. A general fights to win a victory that by the victory some desired blessing may come to mankind. Liberty must be bought, and the price which must be paid is blood. Justice must be secured, and the only way to get it is by death. Righteousness must be established, and to establish it thousands of men must lay down their lives. They must give their lives for others. This was the most thrilling spectacle of the war—thousands of men laying down their lives for others. Men who had taken little interest in religion or churches found themselves on the battle-field entering into the spirit of Jesus, who, when He died, felt He was giving His life a ransom for many. There were men, women and children in Belgium, and also in France, who were under the heel of the German oppressor, and when they felt that by dying they could break the oppressor's power, then death no longer had terrors.

Thousands of men experienced a spiritual exaltation on the battle-field which they had never known before, and the cause of it was their be-

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lief that by dying they should share in the emancipation of the world. When a cause is sufficiently noble, men have no hesitation in dying for it. By dying they not only break the power of the tyrant, but soften and purify the heart of the whole world. When the Twenty-seventh Division on March 25th moved up Fifth Avenue there were many features which powerfully affected the heart. Those masses of young men in their helmets, fresh from the front, marching between vast banks of human beings eager to get a glimpse of them, the long lines of automobiles filled with the wounded, the captured guns once the possession of the mightiest military monarchy that ever frightened the world, the officers on their horses, the playing bands, the regimental flags, all these appealed to the eye and reached the heart. But there was one feature of the parade which in impressiveness surpassed all the others, it was the Service Flag of the Division, containing nearly two thousand gold stars. When that flag appeared the crowds became silent. They could not cheer for a long time after it had passed. Many a cheek in the crowd was wet. We cannot shout when we are crying. The service flag spoke as nothing else in the whole parade to the imagination, and through the imagination it reached the heart. The gold stars symbolized boys who had died. They had made the complete sacrifice. They had died for us. They had given their life for the world. When we looked at the stars we saw also the two thousand graves in

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France, and the two thousand empty chairs at home, and the two thousand fathers and the two thousand mothers for whom life will never be the same again. As we gazed at the flag the whole mystery of death stood out before us—the mystery of sacrificial death—and we felt as possibly never before that sacrificial death is beautiful, that it is a glorious thing to die for a great ideal.

This, then, is what the war should do for us every one—it should give us a saner and more wholesome estimate of death. Some of us, perhaps, have been needlessly concerned about the end of life. We have in our somber moods allowed ourselves to brood too long upon the grave. We have magnified God's servant death and have distorted all his features, and have terrified our souls by our timid imaginations. The war has brought us into a more normal mood. We shall never be so afraid of death again. All these thousands of boys meeting death bravely have taken out of death its sting. If they were not afraid to die, why should we fear? The road to the grave has been travelled recently by so many millions of feet, we shall not feel afraid when our own name shall be called. Young men of all countries have shown what spirit is in them. It has reminded us of the spirit of Jesus. He was young and He had everything to live for, but when death stared Him in the face He did not cower or tremble. "The cup that my Father has given me to drink, shall I not drink it?" In the twentieth cen-

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tury millions of men have met death in the same spirit. No wonder the whole earth now seems holy ground.

And what does death lead to? The question has always been with us, but it now comes with a fresh edge and power. Where have all these boys gone? What are they doing? How will God make up for them what they lost here? We do not think so much of the moment in which they died, as we think of their life before they became soldiers, and of their life which is now appointed them beyond our sight. Instinctively we fall into the manner of Jesus. He dwelt not on the agony of death, but on what went before and what is to come after. The war has given us a new certainty of the life eternal, and has increased our curiosity to know what lies beyond the veil. For millions it will be easier to die now that such vast armies have gone on before them. Death we now know is a stepping-stone to higher things.

Death is indeed a form of power, a force which God makes use of in redeeming mankind. There are on our planet eight millions of fresh graves dug by the war. Western Europe has become a cemetery, and on this cemetery we are to build a better world. We become fitted for our work by thinking lovingly of those who have died. They have made the supreme sacrifice, shall we refuse to make sacrifices of our own? If they in war laid down their life for a noble cause, shall we do less in time of peace? They gave their blood that mankind might live

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a freer and a happier life. What are we going to give to complete the work which they began? War is a mighty teacher, and it is through death that she teaches her most impressive lessons. Death herself is a teacher, and now that she has come in a colossal form, the heart must needs be attentive and the soul will give a swifter response to the call from the heights. Death gives wings to the aspirations, death cleanses the eyes. Death sheds forth a light and in that light we see more clearly what is the place and power of death. The war leaves us with death beneath our feet. Men had told us that with the increasing sharpness of the instruments of destruction, human flesh could no longer stand. We now know that death has no terror for men who feel sure they are fighting for the right. "Do not be afraid," said Jesus, "of those who kill the body." He said it to our soldiers, and their reply was, "We are not afraid."

It was by death that the forces were released which brought low the power of Potsdam. It is by remembering our dead heroes that we are to become strengthened and cleansed for the mighty work which God has given us to do. Abraham Lincoln was touched and thrilled by the sight of the graves in the cemetery at Gettysburg. He felt that he stood on hallowed ground. Those graves spoke to him a message which he expressed in immortal speech. They reminded him of a task which was incomplete, they told him of a sacrifice already past: they

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spoke of a sacrifice yet to come. They related the story of a work which had been accomplished: they pointed to a work which was only just begun. The cemetery in Gettysburg brought Lincoln to the hour of a fresh dedication of his soul. Pledging himself anew to the great work remaining, he called upon all Americans to devote themselves with a spirit equal to that of the dead to the bringing in of a new age of freedom, and to the safeguarding of the principles of the founders of our Republic, so that government of the people, by the people, and for the people might never perish from the earth.

We, like Lincoln, are in a cemetery. Out from where we stand there stretch in all directions lines of unnumbered graves. Here lie the men who gave their lives in the greatest of all the wars, not for the liberty of our country, but for the liberty of all the world. Thinking of what they suffered and how they died, let us pledge ourselves anew to the cause of justice and freedom. Let us pray that through us there may come upon the earth a new baptism of righteousness and good-will. Awed by the consciousness that we are walking on an earth which has been bought again by blood, let us from this time forward be better men and women working always for a better world.

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XIX

THE PROGRESSIVE BRUTALITY OF WAR

WAR is inherently and incorrigibly brutal. It has always been brutal, is brutal still, and brutal it must always be. War would cease to be war if it laid aside its brutality. It is impossible to humanize war, and therefore it is impossible to Christianize it. To the end it must remain what it has been from the beginning, the most barbarous and heartless of all forms of brutality.

The idea of brutality involves three elements. First, there is the dominance of physical force. A brute is nothing but a bundle of force. Whatever he accomplishes he does by his physical energy. War uses brain, but it achieves its ends by the manipulation of physical forces. It smashes, and grinds, and crushes like a wild beast. A second element is heartlessness. A beast lacks sensibility. It is deaf to appeals for mercy. It is dead to the feeling of compassion. A hyena or tiger pays no attention to human pleadings. Nor does war. It is blind to the helplessness of the aged man whose home it blows to pieces over his head; it is deaf to the

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cry of the widow who pleads for the life of her only son. The third mark of brutality is indiscriminateness. A brute makes no distinctions. A mad dog lacerates the legs of horses and the legs of little children alike. A mad bull gores an invalid woman with the same wild fury with which he gores a matador's horse. War has no time for distinctions. It has no taste for nice perceptions. It sweeps the whole city—guilty and innocent alike—to destruction; it overwhelms the evil and the good, the young and the old, the virtuous and the vicious in a common ruin. It has the crowning characteristics and habits of a brute.

Let no one ever say then that war is a gentleman's game. Napoleon Bonaparte knew war, and he called it the trade of barbarians. That is what it is. Allow no one to assert in your presence that war is a royal sport. It is royal only in the eyes of moral idiots. Rebuke the man who dares to prate about the glory of war. War has no glory. Men can display glorious traits in the midst of war, just as the human spirit can shine in the midst of a pestilence or a vast conflagration, but war itself is not glorious: it is beastly, inhuman, hideous and revolting.

The latest orgy of blood has stripped war of its shining robes, and we now see it in all its naked loathsomeness. The Spirit of Evil has industriously laboured to beguile mankind into thinking that war is splendid. To do this, it has used every form of art and every trick of sophistry. The artist has endeavoured on can-

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vas and in marble and in verse, to blind the eyes of the world to what war really is. He has imparted to it a glamour, a romance, a poetic loveliness which has deceived many even of the elect. The historian, by richly coloured descriptions of famous generals, and by glowing pictures of victorious armies, has kept the eyes of the world away from war's infamies and horrors, the agonies of men wrestling with death, and the rotting corpses of the nameless dead.

The devotees of the god of war have in every generation blunted the edge of the world's instinctive detestation of wholesale butchery by flaunting in the face of the people the dazzling colours of military finery. Gaping crowds from the sidewalks have gazed with admiration on the gold and the scarlet and the purple of the military parade, foolishly supposing that these were the colours of war. The colours of war are the colours of mud, and grime, and filth, of pus and gangrened flesh and clotted blood, of cheeks that are hot with pain and of faces that are cold in death. A military procession on a holiday is indeed a picturesque entertainment. The colours appeal to the eye, and the thrilling notes of the fife and drum set the corpuscles of the blood all dancing. But this is not the music of war. The music of war is the sobbing of children, and the moans of women, and the shrieks and curses of dying men.

Let no one be deceived by the bespangled splendour of military maneuvers. The rhythmical tread of disciplined feet, and the glint on

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the steel of the rays of the sun, and the graceful swing of the bodies of men, as file upon file they move on their way, swiftly obedient to the commander's word, create a spectacle which plays on the senses and intoxicates the mind. But this glittering display is not of the essence of war. The holiday parade is not the procession of war. In the procession which is mobilized and conducted by war, men hobble on crutches, and stagger on legs which have been paralyzed, and are borne along in ambulances and litters, and roll sightless eyeballs on the beautiful world. The worshippers of Mars have played upon the senses. By beguiling the eye and the ear they have hoodwinked a thousand generations into taking part in the stupid glorification of war.

While one set of the war sophists have blinded the senses another set have debauched the mind. Schools of paganized thinkers have steadfastly maintained that war is inevitable, a biological necessity, an ineradicable feature of the present world order. "Men have always fought, and therefore they always will fight!" "You cannot change human nature!" Moreover, war, it is claimed, is "a school of virtue." "It saves men from becoming effeminate and flabby. It is a tonic which the good God administers from time to time to keep the moral fiber of humanity from rotting." "Nations are lost unless they keep the fighting edge. The fighting edge can be kept only by the periodical recurrence of war." These are the embroidered veils which

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a barbaric philosophy has thrown over the face of war to hide its hideousness. They are masks which the militarists have made use of when urging the world to worship the idol of military preparedness. The great war has torn off the masks. It has burnt up the veils. The delicate network of lies which the war-lords have woven round the bloody head of the ancient monster has been completely destroyed, and the whole world now knows that war is a grizzly, ghastly, damnable abomination. Its brutality stands out naked, hideous, unforgetable. Philip Gibbs is only one of many observers who have written descriptions which are burned into the fiber of the mind. The story of how British soldiers were shot to pieces, buried alive, seared inside and out by poison gas, driven insane by shell shock, burned by liquid flame, and drowned in the bogs of Flanders, is a story to strike dumb the tongues of the moral imbeciles who have prattled about the glory of war. All men of sound sense and good-will are saying: "This must be the last war."

War is brutal, indescribably and incurably brutal. Certain instruments made use of for the first time in this war have received hot condemnation on the ground of their brutality. Because of their novelty they have given a shock to the imagination which older devices no longer give. But let us remember that war was disgustingly brutal before the submarine was invented, or the aeroplane climbed into the sky, or the poisonous gases were sent creeping

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across the fields. The bayonet is the very epitome of brutality. No more cruel instrument was ever invented. Every nation has made use of it. No nation has ever yet offered to lay it aside. It is counted indispensable by all the military authorities. No one of them can conceive a nation surrendering the use of it. In every land battle it is the last resort. When everything else is lost there is still hope, if soldiers retain their bayonets. But what is a bayonet? It is a piece of sharpened steel manufactured for the express purpose of piercing a human abdomen, of gouging a hole in human lungs, of jabbing out human eyes. What right has any nation which makes use of the bayonet to protest against any other instrument on the ground that it is cruel? Why cry out against cruelty when the bayonet is universally exalted as one of the most honoured instruments of war? The bayonet is the symbol and incarnation of the soul of war. By the bayonet war stands forever condemned.

The philosophy of frightfulness amazes and sickens us when we read it in the volumes of the military experts who have advocated it, but what is war but one long drawn act of frightfulness? Is not war human butchery? How can human butchery be anything else than frightful? Much has been said about the atrocities of the war, such as the cutting off of hands and the murder of prisoners. These are indeed atrocious, but is not war itself an atrocity? What is an atrocity but a brutality which has

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been raised to a lofty pitch, an inhumanity which has been given an extra twist, a barbarity which has been pushed still closer to the cruelty of hell? War sanctions lying and cheating and deceiving in every conceivable form. War exalts and glorifies the science and art of killing. War is the legalized method by which international disputes are settled by killing men. The side that kills the largest number wins. All the instruments of war are created to kill men. Without shedding human blood no nation can come off victorious. In war the entire ingenuity of man is set to devise effective ways of blotting out human life. The faster men can be killed the sooner peace will come. If you cannot kill them with bullets, blow them to pieces with shells. If you cannot reach them with guns on the earth, then annihilate them by bombs dropped from the skies. If you cannot reach them with steel, then asphyxiate them with gas. If you cannot shed their blood on the land, then drown them at sea. If you cannot reach them by any instrument which will mangle the flesh, then starve them to death. War lives and moves and has its being in the work of killing men. Soldiers are trained to kill. That is their business. It is a critical and taxing undertaking, and therefore a nation must send into its army and navy only its strongest and best.

The dwarfs and the hunchbacks are not wanted, nor are the blind and the deaf, nor the maimed and the crippled. War is fastidious, it lays its ordaining hands only on the men who

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are without blemish. It cannot use the weaklings or defectives, the lunatics or imbeciles. It does not go to the asylums, but to the universities for its recruits. This is because war is the business of taking human life, and to kill men rapidly and with certainty, soldiers must be young and alert and strong.

Killing men means of course the killing of women, but war says: "What is that to me?" Every man's life is bound up with the life of at least one woman, sometimes with the lives of two women, and sometimes with the lives of three and four. Every man has a mother, he may have a sister, and also a wife, and likewise a daughter. When he dies there are hearts which are pierced. The war statisticians are careful to chronicle the number of killed men; the number of slain women is known only to God. When men die in action women die at home. Surely war is brutal. What brute is so furious and so heartless and so undiscriminating as war?

While war from the beginning has been brutal, it never reached such depths of brutality as in the last war. This is not because men in the twentieth century are by nature more cruel than their predecessors, but Science has multiplied and sharpened the instruments of destruction. It has extended the range and the variety of war's brutalities. In the earliest days men fought with clubs and stones, later on with bows and arrows, still later they made themselves terrible by the use of javelins and spears, but

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all these are only innocent toys compared with the modern engines of war. Men are now killed by machinery. They are mown down at great distances. Brutality has been carried to a higher perfection. Physical force has been multiplied a million fold. War has become more heartless because it has lost its eyes and ears. Soldiers could once see their enemies. That is not necessary now. The worst destruction done by the soldier is done beyond his sight. Officers consult the formulas of the higher mathematics, and of the new chemistry, and set loose the forces of destruction without compunction. The indiscriminateness of the brute has become accentuated and habitual. The modern instruments make no distinctions. Men firing shells at a city seventy miles away cannot pick out the buildings which shall be razed or the individuals who shall be slain. Aviators dropping bombs from above the clouds cannot distinguish hospitals from munition factories or churches from arsenals. Babies in their cradles have no protection, and aged women on their death bed cannot hope for compassion. War has become incredibly and devilishly brutal.

Nor is there any possible escape from this brutality. A nation more brutal than its neighbours has the power to drag them all down to its level. They must be increasingly brutal in order to be merciful. When Germany bombed unprotected towns, blowing to shreds men, women and children indiscriminately, the French and British cried out against the

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atrocity, but later on they did the same thing themselves. They did it on the ground that only by such reprisals was it possible to check even a little the fury of their unprincipled foe. When Germany first used poisonous gases her enemies indignantly protested. Such cruelty was fiendishly inhuman, and beyond the limit of anything allowable in civilized warfare, and yet the Allies later on set all their leading chemists to work to create gases still more deadly. The American people are by no means a cruel people, and yet at the close of the war we were manufacturing deadly gases at the rate of two hundred tons a day. Killing by gas shocked the imagination because it was new. But suffocating men by gas is not a whit worse than suffocating them by water as Admiral Mahan years ago pointed out, and drowning them is certainly less cruel than starving them to death. The method of starvation is in good and regular standing in the highest courts of Christendom. The learned judges and distinguished scholars who codify and interpret international law have never entered a protest against the infamous cruelty of starving a city or nation. But until this device of savagery is universally condemned and abandoned, what other hellish atrocity can ever be consistently arraigned on the ground of its cruelty? To starve thousands of men, women and children to death is not a whit less Satanic because "damned custom has so brassed our heart that it is proof and bulwark against sense." The fact that any nation calling itself

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civilized can calmly announce that it has an indisputable right to starve a hostile neighbour into submission is demonstration of the frightful degradation which the traditions of war have wrought in the human heart. War is brutal, incorrigibly, everlastingly brutal, but it is only when its brutality takes on an unfamiliar form that we are stirred deeply enough to cry out in pain.

But brutal as war is to-day, it will be more brutal to-morrow. The late war will stand in history as the most brutal war ever waged upon our planet up to the twentieth century, but the next war, if there be a next war, will be far more brutal. Science has not yet reached her limit in any direction. Her latest inventions are only hints of what she will produce later on. The submarine as it exists to-day is only a feeble and clumsy vessel compared with the submarine which the genius of man will be able to construct. The aeroplane of 1919 is a fragile and impotent toy, faintly suggesting the mighty fleets which will one day fill the sky. Chemistry is yet in her infancy. The physicist is only a boy in knickerbockers, the chemist is scarcely more than a baby. What chemistry did in the last war is only a suggestion of what chemistry will do in the next war, if next war there must be. There are other sciences not yet yoked to the war chariot which will be made use of if war is to be given a new lease of life. Bacteriology did little more than show one of its fingers in the last war. Who dares say what

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it might accomplish if allowed to enter with its full powers into the arena of destruction? It is clear that humanity has in its possession sufficient freedom and power to commit suicide. Mankind can, if it will, blot out our present civilization and slip back into a lower mode of existence. If the nations should now adopt again the policy of armed peace, and proceed to make preparations for the next war, there would be nothing left but a certain fearful expectation of judgment. Should a considerable part of the brain power of the leading nations of the earth be devoted through the coming forty years to the still further elaboration of the machinery of destruction, another war would be inevitable, and in that war the hope of mankind would perish.

Let no one solace himself with the thought that there is a limit beyond which civilized men will not go when fighting for what they conceive to be their rights and liberties. There is no such limit. The conduct of Germany has demonstrated it. She believed that not only her prosperity but her very life was at stake, and believing this she was ready to trample all laws and traditions under her feet, and to make reckless use of every engine of destruction upon which she could lay her hand. We condemn her for her abominable practices, but who can be sure that other nations placed in a like position and fired with a similar belief will not pursue a similar course? Who with the history of England unrolled before him can confidently

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assert that England would not make a Von Tirpitz use of the submarine rather than lose her supremacy of the sea? And who with a knowledge of the American invincible spirit can be sure that the United States, rather than have Germany take possession of New York and Washington, would not be willing by means of her poisonous gases to asphyxiate the entire population of cities as large as Cologne and Dresden and Berlin? No one can say in advance what a nation will do when with its back to the wall it feels it is fighting for its honour and its life. All talk, then, of humanizing war, and regulating war, and holding war within definite and polite limits is foolish. War is by nature a brute. It is more than a brute, it is a devil. It is because it has in it the spirit of hell that it is progressively and unconquerably heartless, and will, if not driven from the earth, ultimately bring man and everything he holds dear down to irretrievable ruin.

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XX

THE INDISPENSABLENESS OF CHRISTIANITY

THE New Testament assumes that without the spirit of Jesus Christ the world is lost. It is fundamental in the Christian religion that God so loved the world that He gave His Son, and that all who believe on His Son shall not perish. "How shall we escape," asks a Christian writer of the first century, "if we neglect so great salvation?" The greatest scholar among first century Christians was powerfully impressed by the bankruptcy of all the agencies by which the uplifting of mankind had been attempted. The wisdom of the world had, he said, turned out to be foolishness, for the wise men had failed to ascertain the character and the purposes of God. The ancient world had been rich both in philosophy and religion, but none of the philosophies or religions had been able to save mankind from misery and degradation, because not one of them had caught a full glimpse of the heart of the Eternal. The nature of Deity had at last been revealed in Jesus of Nazareth, and it was by

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building up in mankind the disposition of Jesus that the age-long tragedy would be ended and the world would pass into a brighter day. Simon Peter, in the presence of the leading men of Jerusalem, expressed the conviction of all the apostles when he declared that in none other than Jesus Christ of Nazareth is there salvation, "for neither is there any other name under heaven that is given among men, wherein we must be saved." That this is so has been freshly illustrated and confirmed by the great war. The supreme lesson of the war is the indispensableness of the Christian religion.

To the superficial observer it might seem that the outstanding teaching of the war is the impotency of the religion of Jesus. On the surface there is plausible justification for this conclusion. Did not the war arise in Europe, and is not Europe the oldest of all the Christian continents? Is it not in Europe that the greatest of Christian cathedrals have been erected, and that the largest number of prayers in the name of Jesus have been offered? Were not all the earliest belligerents Christian nations, baptized into the name of Jesus, and confessedly bound to Him as their Saviour and Lord? The two non-Christian nations which took part in the bloody struggle were dragged into it because leagued with Christian powers. Is not Germany a Christian nation, and are not her rulers and teachers confessed adherents of Christ? How did it happen that the most furious and cruel of all the wars was rocked in a

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Christian cradle, and came forth from a Christian home to lay desolate a continent where the Bible had for centuries been an open book, and where the ministers of Jesus had through sixty generations expounded His teachings and glorified His name? Here is a problem which every thoughtful mind has been obliged to face, and multitudes of men and women both inside and outside the churches have been greatly puzzled by it.

The first impulse was to say that Christianity had failed. Sometimes it was said in sorrow and sometimes it was said in scorn. The skeptics became more skeptical, and the cynics became more cynical. Timorous believers were filled with dismay, and here and there a frail soul slid down into despair. It was not an easy time for anybody. The air was filled with accusing voices, some mildly sarcastic and others bitterly abusive. The seat of the scornful was crowded. Men declared in loud voices that Christianity had failed, and that Jesus is not the world's Redeemer. The time had arrived, they said, when we must look for another. Many Christians did not know what to think or say.

The first reply which came to many lips was that other agencies had also failed. Misery loves company, and to look round upon other discredited institutions brought relief. Art had failed, and so had Philosophy, and so had Science, and so had Law, and so had Commerce, and so had Socialism, and so had Education, and so had Statesmanship. All this was only too

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true, but it was not an answer which satisfied. We have a right to expect more of Christianity than of Philosophy or Science or Art, of Socialism or Education or Law. The world is justified in demanding more of the Church than of any other institution. When therefore Religion fails to safeguard the highest interests of mankind, and when the institution which claims to represent God on the earth permits mankind to go sprawling into a ditch, the heart instinctively sits down in amazement and demands an explanation.

Is not the explanation this? If by Christianity we mean the principles and ideals of Jesus, then the cause of the world catastrophe was the refusal of the world's rulers to apply these principles. It is not fair to say that Christianity has failed unless Christianity has first been tried. Mr. Bernard Shaw was right when he said that Christianity is difficult and so had not been tried. It is not at all easy to act at all times upon Christian principles even in one's own private life. Far more difficult is it to act upon these principles at all times in commercial or political relations. As soon as we begin to live with others we are caught in the meshes of innumerable entanglements and are carried oftentimes whither we would not go. But the difficulty reaches its climax in the realm of international relationships. Principles which seem rational when applied to individuals are not equally obvious when applied to large social groups. The principles of service and sacrifice and forgive-

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ness are easily accepted inside the walls of the home, but what can nations do with these in the wide sphere of the world's life? It is not surprising that many men came to the conclusion that Christian principles are not for nations but only for individuals, and that others tossed aside Christian principles altogether, as impracticable and outgrown. Surely the statesmen of Europe have made no strenuous and continuous effort through the last fifty years to apply the principles of Jesus to international affairs. The old principles of the pre-Christian world still maintained their grip on the minds of men who counted themselves Christians, and the philosophy of Macchiavelli seemed more reasonable and far safer than the ideas promulgated by Jesus and His apostles. The ideals of the Gospel were exalted in the church and the home: they were not enthroned in the chancelleries of Europe. Europe was Christian in spots, but there were wide areas of her life which had never felt the breath of the Man of Galilee. She had her spiritual thinkers, but in the domain of practical statesmanship she was frankly and thoroughly materialistic. It was a maxim of her political philosophy that government is founded on force. To increase the power of the State was a diplomat's supreme ambition. Nations became known as "Powers," and those nations which had the hugest armies and navies were known as the "Great Powers." "To maintain the balance of power" was the chief concern of State Ministers. To do this it

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was often necessary to have recourse to secret diplomacy. Things were agreed upon behind closed doors which were never told to the people. Out of a materialistic philosophy only a materialistic program can come. The program was armed peace. Every nation walked clad in armour. The clanking of the armour awakened suspicion and distrust. The distrust deepened into fear, and the fear hardened into hate. Europe was nominally Christian. She used the name of Jesus, and conducted worship in His name; but the men who moulded the policies of State did not do the things which Jesus commands. They said, "Lord, Lord," but they refused to do the will of their Father in heaven. They did not neglect the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, but they were workers of iniquity. Good-will is one of the fountains of life, but unscrupulous journalists systematically poisoned all the springs of international goodwill. Coöperation is a Christian law, but statesmen in every country trampled it under their feet. Friendship is a principle of national life, but mischief-makers in every country weakened the ties which bound, and made it easier for nations to be foes. If by Christianity we mean the mind of Christ, surely Christianity has never yet been tried on a large scale and for an extended period in the life of any nation. Men have tried for centuries to get this poor old world of ours along by the use of every conceivable expedient except the application of the law of Jesus Christ. Alas, the word "Failure"

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is written across every page. Never were such determined and enthusiastic efforts put forth to save the world from the catastrophe of war as within the half century preceding 1914. Everything was tried by Parliaments and Kings except obedience to the word of Christ, and with what result the world now shudders to relate. It has been demonstrated in the eyes of all mankind that Christian principles are indispensable to the saving of this world. Till Jesus is recognized as King, all our political life will continue to be bound in shallows and in miseries. Until we repent, and by repentance the New Testament means a change of mind, there is no hope for the world. We have been obsessed by theories which are false. We have accepted ideals which are low. We have followed leaders who are blind. The great war has shouted again in our ears the warning of the Eternal that unless we turn to Jesus we are lost, unless we take up our cross and follow Him there is no place for us in God's universe but the outer darkness where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth.

That the Christian Church has not pressed home upon men's consciences the Christian principles of service and sacrifice and good-will with as great fidelity and passion as the times demanded is a confession which no Christian will hesitate to offer. All human agencies are marred by imperfections, and all institutions fall short of the ideal. The Church will not fail to grasp the lesson which the war has made start-

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lingly clear—the indispensableness of Christianity, the absolute necessity of the spirit of Jesus in every one of the kingdoms of the world's life. Nothing else will take the place of this, neither ritual nor creed nor miracles of philanthropic activity, nor superb acts of personal devotion. There is nothing which will take the place of love. In the light of the great war Paul's sentences glow with a thrilling glory: "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging symbol. And if I have the gift of prophecy and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing." This is as true for churches as for individuals, and it is as true for nations as for churches. The one thing indispensable for the health and happiness of this world is the mind of Christ; and the mind of Christ is the heart of God, and the heart of God is love. All men and churches and nations stand before the judgment seat of Christ—in other words, they are judged according to the measure of their love.

If love is the one thing indispensable, we should not be so swift to condemn the Church because it did not prevent this unprecedented and unspeakable disaster. It is often assumed that the Church is in possession of powers which it does not have. Men too often take it

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for granted that the Church can coerce men into courses which are right, that it can compel men to adopt moods which are Christlike. The Church has no powers of coercion. In the realm of the heart the word compel is unknown. The will of man cannot be forced. The tides of the soul ebb and flow in obedience to forces which lie beyond the reach of monarchs and prelates. There was no Catholic priest strong enough to bend the will of Metternich, nor any Lutheran pastor saintly enough to change the heart of Wilhelm II. This ought not to surprise us. Paul was not strong enough to bend the will of Felix, nor was Jesus holy enough to change the heart of Herod. The Church is a divine institution, but in many fields it can do no mighty work because of men's unbelief. From many a heart it retires discomfited because the door is shut. The will is free, and even the Son of God must stand patiently at the door until the soul decides to open it. The Church has not the power to break into the world's heart and drive out of it the demons which have so long harassed and plagued it. It is not proof that Jesus was negligent or lukewarm because Jerusalem went steadily on to her destruction, nor is it proof that the ministers of the Christian Church were recreant to their trust, because the statesmen of Europe plunged the world into a cauldron of blood. The one thing which is incontestably proved is that the leaders of nations must accept the principles of Christ if they are to save mankind from destruc-

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tion. Christ does not offer to save men in their sins. In their sins it is impossible to save them. The Church cannot do what is beyond the power of the Lord Himself. It cannot save nations in their sins. When nations choose to live in an atmosphere of suspicion and envy and ill-will, there is no power under heaven which can save them. When political rulers become the agents of commercial greed, and manipulate weaker governments for their own selfish aggrandizement, how can the Church save them from the fire which is prepared for them? When the leading men of a nation fall in love with the mailed fist, and think it glorious to stand in shining armour, and heartlessly impoverish the common people for the upkeep of enormous armies and navies, the ministers of religion cannot be held responsible for the disaster which such foolery invites and deserves. Christianity is indispensable to the normal life of the world. It is important that it be taught, it is equally important that it be believed. The war has reminded clergymen that their supreme business is to proclaim the principles of brotherhood and good-will, and laymen that their crowning duty is to do what lies in their power to work these principles into the life of Society and the policy of the State.

Too many of us have been worshipping gods which are idols. One of them is Science. We have spelled it with a capital S. We have been infatuated with this modern worker of miracles. We have allowed him to usurp the place of re-

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ligion. We assumed he could put an end to war. He has now shown what he is able to do. He has given us a specimen of a scientific war. It is the scientific experts who have contributed the ingredients to form the hell-broth which bubbled over the rim of the cauldron and scalded the world.

Another of our modern gods is Commerce. He has awed us by his achievements and dazzled us by his wealth. He has blown away the barriers and opened the doors, and has wrapped the world round with rails and wires. We now see he sows the seeds of new wars. He multiplies the points of friction. He whets the appetite of covetousness to a keener edge. It was men who were eager for new markets who let slip the dogs of war.

Law is another of our discredited gods. In our State capitals and in Washington City men have worked with both hands writing new statutes on the books, so certain have we been that it is through legislation we are to reach the promised land. At the Hague conferences international conventions were adopted with great formality and éclat, and a Palace of Peace arose in the Dutch capital, announcing to all the world that the ages of bloodshed were ended. Alas, treaties and conventions are only scraps of paper unless behind them there beat hearts which are true as the heart of Jesus.

Still another of our gods has been Education. We have covered our land with colleges and schools, firm in the belief that knowledge is

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power. So it is, but it is not a power which can banish war. Knowledge may come while wisdom lingers. Knowledge puffs up; we need something which will build up. This war was born in the institutions of higher learning. What the world most needs is not an informed intellect, but a renewed heart.

To whom then shall we go? Science cannot kill war, for science has not the new heart, and only whets the sword to a sharper edge. Commerce cannot kill war, for commerce lacks the new heart and lifts the hunger of covetousness to a higher pitch. Law cannot kill war, for law is nothing but a willow withe tied round the wrists of humanity, and human nature when the primal passions stir themselves snaps all the withes asunder and carries off the gates which were supposed to make the city safe. Education cannot end war. If it is only the sharpening of the intellect, it fits men to become tenfold more masterful in all the arts of destruction. Who will end war?

The world has had three historic scourges: famine, pestilence and war. Commerce killed famine. By her railroads and steamships she killed it. It lies like a dead snake by the side of the road along which humanity has marched up to the present day. Science killed pestilence. The Black Plague, the Bubonic Plague, Cholera, Smallpox, Yellow Fever—all have received their death blow. These foes of mankind lie bleeding and half dead by the side of the road along which mankind presses on to a higher day.

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Who will kill war? Not Commerce, not Science, nor both of them together. Only Religion can kill war, for religion alone creates the new heart. Only the Christian religion can kill war, for only Christianity reveals to us a God of love. Without the religion of Jesus we are without hope in this world. Without God in Christ we are lost.

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